

Wolcott, Thomas
Wagon both sides

PR
3515
H2H3
1803

GUERRA JUNQUEIRO

FINIS PATRIAE



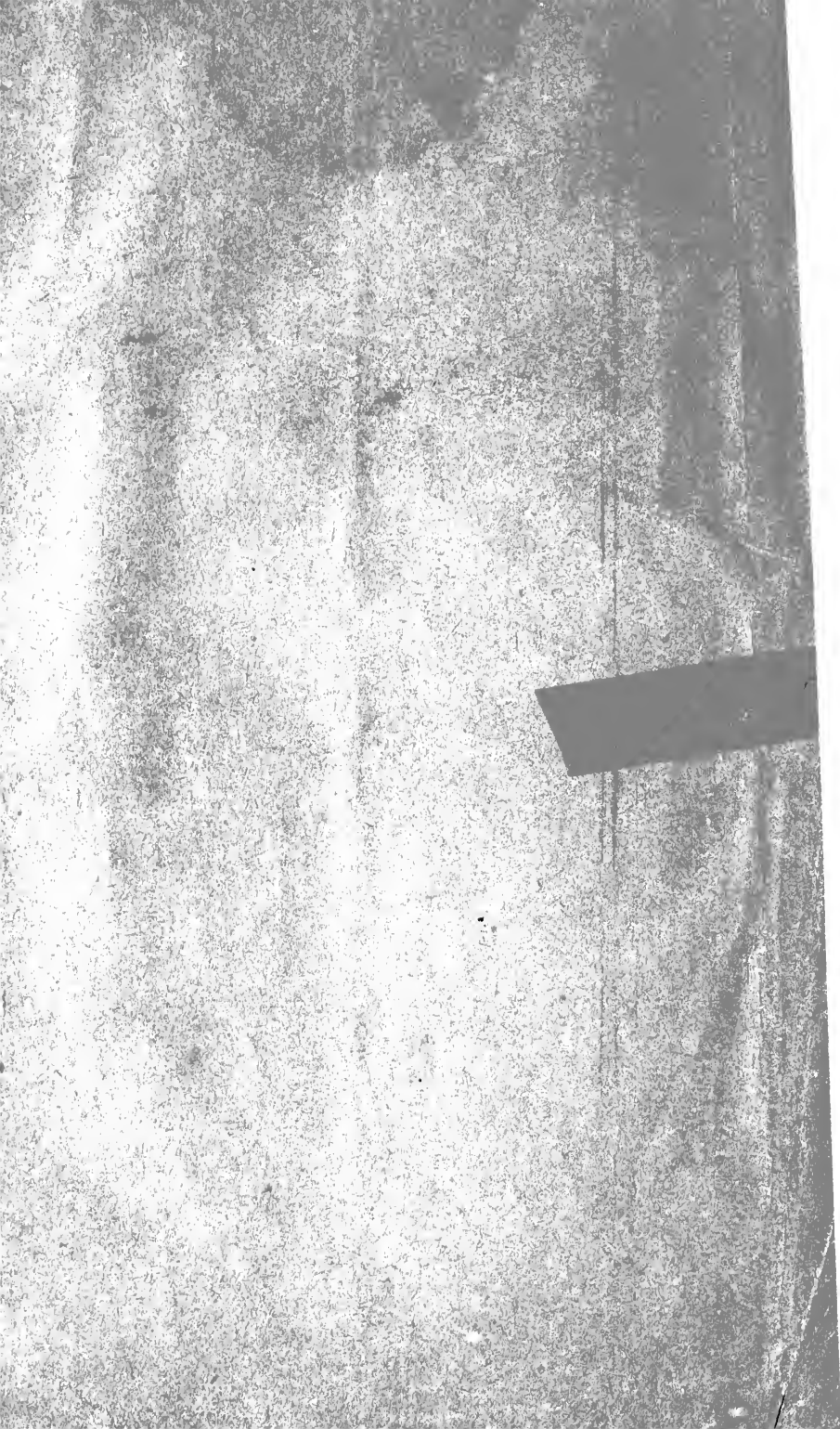
PORTO

EMPRESA LITTERARIA E TYPOGRAPHICA — EDITORA

178, RUA DE D. PEDRO, 184

1891

190



HEAR BOTH SIDES:

A C O M E D Y,

IN FIVE ACTS.

AS IT IS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY-LANE.

BY THOMAS HOLCROFT.

THE SECOND EDITION.

London:

PRINTED FOR R. PHILLIPS, 71, ST. PAUL'S.

1803.

By T. Gillet, Salisbury Square.

Price Two Shillings and Sixpence.

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P R E F A C E.

A STRANGE and whimsical clamour, whimsical for its absurdity, has been raised against this Comedy by *some* of the Newspapers: they have endeavoured to impress the opinion, upon the town, that it is a sombre, sermonizing Drama. Sombre is their favourite epithet. Liberal and dignified criticism forms no part of the censure they bestow: their opposition is so angry that, in various instances, it has condescended to be abusive; in none has it attempted to discriminate. Unqualified condemnation and supercilious contempt are all the man or the work appear to merit. They have been so disappointed, at the continued and increasing applause *my sermon* has received, that they have not only treated the decisive opinion of the public with wanton disrespect,

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disrespect, but appear to be ambitious of displaying the contempt in which they hold truth. Were not such attempts too reprehensible to be jocular, there is an answer that would make them very pleasant: it is the bursts of laughter, at the comic parts; and the deep attention and unceasing applause with which the serious scenes of this Comedy, are nightly received. The gentlemen, who write such paragraphs, ought not to address them to me; but to each successive Audience: it is the fault of the Spectators, if they will laugh at my Sermons, and if they are pleased that morals themselves may derive benefit from the Stage. At the tribunal of those, who pronounce judgment against me, to stand convicted of morality is an unpardonable offence.

This preface is perhaps one of the mistakes committed in the present publication; for I well know its mistakes are many: I ought not to have noticed assertions, part of which are false, and the rest ludicrous. It is true that

the

PREFACE.

the attack is a planned one; for the same insipid charges are daily repeated. The intention is evidently to persuade those who have not seen the piece that, instead of having the attention roused and those affections awakened which are no less honourable than beneficial to the human heart, they will be disgusted, wearied, and set to sleep. Yes; on better consideration, it is right that an assault so marked, and so unmerited, should be known.

On this occasion, as on a late one at the other Theatre, I have to return my willing and heart-felt thanks to the Performers: I am truly sensible of their great merit, and only forbear to mention particular names, as eminently deserving of applause, for reasons that have often been repeated; the difficulty of performing this delicate task unoffendingly.



P R O L O G U E.

Spoken by Mr. BANNISTER.

RASHNESS and Enterprize twin brothers are ;
Rivals, that teach each other how to dare ;
So like that they, to man's eternal wonder,
Can never perfectly be known asunder,
Until the ended action shall decide,
Which is the blind, and which th' enlightened guide,
In him who fails, we Rashness recognize ;
Let him succeed—'tis noble Enterprize !

All London lately saw, with trembling stare,
Drop from the clouds and vibrate in the air,
Rashness himself ; who dar'd a madman's flight,
As if he sought the shades of endless night !
The boldest bosom felt unheard-of fears ;
In terror, thousands shed hysteric tears !
Downward he comes—he falls not yet ! but, oh,
The next dread sweep all hope must overthrow !
Terrific interval ! Safe when he came——
'Twas Enterprize, accompanied by Fame !

Pursuing taste, which changes like the moon,
An author rises in his air balloon :
Awhile he sails the regions of the air ;
Dull earth contemning, builds his castles there :
Onward he soars, with hope of fame elate !
Then cuts the cord, and rashly tempts his fate !
And wherefore thus expose himself to fall ?
Why brave what might the stoutest heart appal ?
Of modern plays are we not daily told
How very vile they are ? Unlike the old
Strong sense, and sterling wit, of those bless'd days,
When bolder bards with glory won the bays !
The charge, alas ! contains too much of truth !
This the old age of wit, and that the youth !
The scourge of satire now we dare not use :
We dread newspapers, magazines, reviews ;
We dread the Christians ; nay, we dread the Jews !

Aptly compar'd to nature's keenest throes,
Are theirs, who face such formidable foes.
Oh that the flag of peace might be unfurl'd !
Peace here to-night ! sweet peace throughout the world !

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Fairfax	Mr. DOWTON.
Transit	Mr. BANNISTER.
Headlong	Mr. C. KEMBLE.
Melford	Mr. RAYMOND.
Sir Ralph Aspen	Mr. SUET.
Steward	Mr. WROUGHTON.
Quillet	Mr. CHERRY.
Sir Luke Lostall	Mr. WEBB.
Major Tennis	Mr. CAULFIELD.
Mr. Back-hand	Mr. PURSER.
Gregory	Mr. COLLINS.
Jones.	Mr. COOKE.
Master of Hotel	Mr. MADDOCKS.
Waiter	Mr. FISHER.
Bailiff	Mr. WEWITZER.
Robert	Mr. HOLLINGSWORTH.
Jennings	Mr. EVANS.
Caroline	Mrs. POPE.
Eliza	Mrs. JORDAN.

Waiters, Clerks, Bailiff's Follower.

HEAR BOTH SIDES.

ACT I.

SCENE *a grand Hall.—Staircase with Statues and Painting.*

Enter JONES and Mr. MELFORD: GREGORY crossing.

JONES.

SAW him in Venice, Sir?

Mel. Yes.

Jones. When?

Mel. About five weeks ago.

Jones. Are you sure it was Mr. Headlong?

Mel. I was so informed: we met but once.

Jones. We have long been in hourly expectation of his arrival. This was the house of his late Uncle. (*to Greg.*) Is Mr. Fairfax here?

Greg. A's above stairs, a seeing that the seals and all is safe.

Jones. Please to walk this way, Sir: he'll soon be at leisure.

Greg. Nea but a's coming:

Jones; In conversation with the steward.

Mel.

Mel. Let me withdraw a moment, to collect myself. I dread a meeting, which I am compelled to seek. [*Exeunt Melford and Jones.*]

Enter FAIRFAX and STEWARD.

Fair. What can you want with so much money?

Stew. To pay my debts.

Fair. I never heard you had any?

Stew. I have duties.

Fair. True: duties are debts.

Stew. I wish you thought so.

Fair. What do you wish?

Stew. That knaves were honest men.

Fair. Well, I will buy your India bonds.

Stew. (*half aside*) Having sold yourself.

Fair. What can induce you to part with your annuity?

Stew. My wants.

Fair. You have often said you had none.

Stew. I said truly.

Fair. By whom have they been so suddenly increased?

Stew. By you.

Fair. Me!

Stew. And others.

Fair. Your words are unintelligible.

Stew. They are few, and English.

Fair. At whom do they glance?

Stew. Fools, and—

Fair. (*surveying him*) You are angry, yet afraid to speak.

Stew. At times, 'tis dangerous.

Fair. You think I have acted selfishly?

Stew.

Stew. I think many things.

Fair. But who advises you to sell your annuity?

Stew. Conscience; charity.

Fair. (smiles) So be it. I will deal fairly by you. (going.)

Stew. You speak fairly.

Enter JONES.

Jones. A gentleman of the name of Melford is waiting to see you.

Fair. What say you? Melford! Impossible! Where?

Jones. In the parlour. [*Exit Fairfax, hastily.* So, Mr. Steward.

Stew. So, Mr. Scrivener.

Jones. A gentleman within lately saw your favourite, Harry Headlong.

Stew. Saw him! Where?

Jones. At Venice.

Stew. When?

Jones. 'Tis five weeks since.

Stew. Wretched youth! Poor Harry! (tears.)

They retire; Fairfax returns, followed by Melford.

Fair. Away! Trouble me not.

Mel. Nay, but hear me.

Fair. Begone, I say! What! Is your hey-day arrogance thus reduced?

Mel. Poor, deserted, worn down with age and misfortune, I come to claim a kinsman's aid to recover wealth of which I have been robbed.

Fair. A kinsman! Dare you remember that? What was I when, in the riot and waste of affluence, you shunned, disowned, and turned me helpless.

less and shivering to starve ? Because your pride could not endure kindred with my poverty.

Mel. However haughty I then was, I am now sufficiently low and dejected ! Broken, and crest fallen, as revenge itself could wish ! Yet do not let me perish.

Fair. What was your answer, when, five and twenty years ago, I made that very prayer to you ? Curses, foul abuse, and malignant blows upon my young and tender shoulders, drove me from your door.

Mel. Still, I am your kinsman.

Fair. Were you a kinsman then ?

Mel. I have not bread to eat.

Fair. It was almost two days I had not eaten. From the extremity of the land I had travelled, scraps and crusts my sustenance. My limbs weary, my feet lame and bare, I entreated food and shelter. What was your reply ? You knew me not ! Called me vagrant, impostor, liar ! And, though an untutored stripling, affirmed I was confederate with thieves ; whom I meant to admit at midnight.

Mel. Well, well ; 'tis now come home to me.

Fair. Home to you ! No ! For, did I act like you, I should set my lackies, nay my dogs to terrify you.

Mel. I was much to blame.

Fair. Fainting, destitute, and unknown, what could I hope but death on the steps of your door ? I was not, as you are, practised in the world. I had no one on earth but you ; no friend, on whom to call for succour.

Mel. Nor have I.

Fair. Indeed ! How must such a man have lived !

Mel.

Mel. Hate me, since so it must be : I have given you cause : but pardon my daughter.

Fair. Your daughter ?

Mel. Now eighteen, beautiful, thrown on a merciless world, exposed to all the horrors vice inflicts on the unprotected ! Send her not——

Fair. Where ?—I send !

Mel. She never shut her doors against you.

Fair. Weary me no more ! Him, whom prosperity renders insolent, want will render abject. You have my answer.

Mel. Why then our fate is sealed. But, remember, the wrongs of which I was guilty, tho' cruel, will not justify cruelty in you. [Exit.

Fair. Proud and pitiless tyrant ! In opulence arrogant ; in adversity—This daughter ! Young and beautiful ! (*calls*) Jones !—And yet—eighteen ! Jones !—(*Re-enter Jones and Steward*)—is he gone ?

Jones. Yes, Sir.

Fair. Harkye ! (*whispers him*) You understand ?

Jones. Perfectly.

Fair. Fly ! [Exit Jones.] (*to the Steward*) Once more to you.

Stew. Gracious Sir !

Fair. (*significantly*) Come, come, do not grieve. (*shakes him by the hand*) When I return your business shall be done. [Exit.

Stew. (*shaking as if a viper hung at his hand*) Infection ! “ My business done.”—The serpent's skin is most glossy when he bites. [Exit.

SCENE—*A Hotel. Master and two Waiters.*

Head. (without) What are you all about ?
Quick ! Dispatch !

Mas. (to waiters) Pay him every respect ! Fly at his nod !

Wait. Who is he, Sir ?

Mas. Young Mr. Headlong ; heir to a vast fortune ! Hush !

Enter HEADLONG.

Head. Jennings !

Jen. (following) Sir ?

Head. Order me a coach !

Mas. Yes, Sir. Run ! *[Exeunt waiters.]*

Head. Let the horses have wings !

Mas. They shall, Sir.

[Exeunt Master and Jennings.]

Head. Every moment is an age ! I was in Italy, and I ought to have been here ; I am here, and I ought to be in Italy !

Enter TRANSIT.

If I have lost her, fortune, life, existence will be a torment !

Tran. Your servant, Sir.

Head. Sir, your servant.

Tran. Excuse me, you are lately from abroad ?

Head. Just arrived.

Tran. Post haste, to inherit a large fortune ?

Head.

Head. Ay, Sir; post haste; post haste!

Tran. You came last from Italy?

Head. Very true, Sir.

Tran. Did you pass through Brussels?

Head. Why do you enquire?

Tran. Brussels is my native place.

Head. Your accent is English!

Tran. And so is my heart.

Head. Hey day!

Tran. 'Tis a privilege I will never relinquish.
My father was English, and I am——my father's son.

Head. His name is ——?

Tran. Ay, Sir; what is it?

Head. Sir!

Tran. Tell me that, and I am his son indeed.

Head. Who are you, Sir?

Tran. I don't know.

Head. What are you?

Tran. A gentleman.

Head. Ha! Like me, you have spent your fortune?

Tran. I never had one.

Head. (*Shrugs*) I have scattered two. What is your story?

Tran. Wonderful—First I was born; which you know is strange enough; then, I became a man; I don't know how; next I was married——
Dear Eliza!

Head. Who is Eliza?

Tran. Eliza was an angel—and my wife.

Head. Is she dead?

Tran. To my eternal sorrow!

Head. Ah Caroline !

Tran. My mother was of Brussels ; well born, but poor ; stolen from a convent, privately married, snatched off in the prime of youth !—Oh, Eliza !

Head. Zounds ! Do you mean your wife, or your mother ?

Tran. Both.

Head. Explain.

Tran. Impossible. Like an essay on hieroglyphics, the more I explain the less you will understand.

Head. Allow me to enquire, what is your business with me ?

Tran. Do you know this writing ?

Head. 'Tis the hand of my dearest my best friend ! Addressed to me !

Tran. Uneasy at your absence, and fearing his letters had miscarried, Mr. Fairfax wished me to go in quest of you.

Head. What, now ?

Tran. No ; after your uncle's death, he changed his intention.

Head. He is likewise the friend of you, it seems ?

Tran. Of me and all mankind !

Head. Sir, give me your hand. Your open countenance, the frankness of your manners, and the friendship of Mr. Fairfax, are the guarantees of a good heart.

Tran. My dear Eliza was the niece of Sir Ralph Aspen ; and to her fortune Mr. Fairfax, like my guardian genius, has promised to restore me ; nay, perhaps, to my father.

Head.

Head. Is he living?

Tran. So our friend has given me to hope.

Enter Master of the hotel; a bill in his hand.

Mas. *(aside)* I'm glad they are acquainted! I may get paid. *(to Transit)* A word, if you please.

Tran. Me! *(remarking the bill)* You see, I am busy.

Mas. So you always are.

Tran. Pshaw! I'm engaged.

Mas. I want my money. Your bill is above a hundred pounds, and I don't know who you are.

Tran. Zounds! I don't know myself.

Head. What is the matter?

Tran. A mere trifle.

Mas. A hundred pounds is no trifle, Sir. Rent and taxes—

Head. What hundred pounds?

Tran. Quit the room, Sir.

Mas. Mr. Headlong is a man of honour; he does not leave his bills unpaid.

Head. That's a great mistake, friend.

Mas. Oh, you only require time.

Tran. I require the same; so depart.

Mas. Sir, I say—

Head. *(to Master)* Harkye! This gentleman owes you—?

Mas. A hundred and seven pounds twelve.

Head. Put it to my bill.

Mas. A thousand thanks. *(aside)* I knew he'd pay it!—A thousand thanks! *[Exit.*

Tran. What have you done?

Head.

Head. Nothing.

Tran. You have paid the money?

Head. Impossible! I have not a guinea left.

Tran. No! Here, here, I'll—Damn it! I forgot, I have not a stiver myself.

Head. Twelve thousand a year; cash, bonds, and bills; a dear generous uncle's hoard! In half an hour I shall be in possession!

Tran. The coach is waiting!

Head. (*going*) My uncle—I have been a sad fellow—My uncle solemnly vowed to disinherit me; but Mr. Fairfax was my friend.

Enter JENNINGS, Sir LUKE LOSTALL; Mr. BACKHAND, and Major TENNIS.

Jen. Sir Luke Lostall, Mr. Backhand, and Major Tennis. [*Exit.*

Head. Found me already!

Sir Luke. Headlong, my boy!

Major. Have we un-earthed you, my young fox?

Mr. B. Welcome to England!

[*All shake hands.*

Head. Thank you, thank you!

Tran. (*aside to Headlong*) Three sharpers!

Head. I know it: but they are my old friends.

Sir Luke. Why, you are in full feather! High style again?

Major. You'll be one of us: a deep one, hey!

Head. Ay, my noble—No—I must tie up.

Sir Luke. Tie up!—You'll keep a stud?

Head. That is indispensable.

Major. A string of horses at Newmarket?

Head. My fortune will warrant it.

Sir

Sir Luke. Continue a member of all the clubs?

Head. Of course. Do you take me for a shop-keeper?

Mr. B. Damn'd foolish question!

Head. Ridiculous.

Tran. (*fixing and passing them in turn*) Your servant, Sir.

Major. Your servant, Sir.

Tran. Sir—Your very humble——

Mr. B. Sir, yours.

Tran. Your most obsequious.

Mr. B. Sir!

Tran. You are familiar with this young gentleman.

Major. What, our friend, Harry?

Tran. Your friend! (*to Headlong*) Has the word friend any meaning?

Head. Ay; a high, a noble meaning.

Tran. Indeed!——'Sdeath!—I wish I was your friend.

Head. You shall be.

Tran. No, no!

Head. You are.

Tran. I tell you no. If I was your friend, I would toss such friends out of the window. [*Exit.*

Sir L. Who is that, Harry?

Head. A strange being!

Major. I thought he looked peery.

Mr. B. I smoaked him.

Major. Damme, I had half a mind to affront him.

Head. Your antipathy is mutual; for he talked of tossing you all out of the window.

Sir L. & Mr. B. The window!

Major.

Major. An impudent—

Head. Hold, not a word! for, though an eccentric fellow, I never met a man for whom in so short a time I felt such a sympathy.

Sir L. That alters the case.

Major. Sympathy? He's safe.

Head. Why am I loitering here? Jennings!

Jen. (without) Sir!

Head. The coach! Grosvenor Square! Drive like fury!

Sir L. We'll call on you there.

Head. (aside) Call on me?—I must not seem proud of my good fortune—It shall be but once.

(aloud) Ay; call, call! The wines are old, the corks sound, the doors open! Short days, long nights, much noise, little sense, and—Ay—one frolic, just to begin! Ay, ay, just one frolic more, I shall be there: be sure to call.

Major. We'll not fail. [Exeunt.]

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

A C T II.

SCENE *the House of SIR RALPH ASPEN. Breakfast table.* ELIZA and ROBERT.

ELIZA.

IS my uncle come down, Robert?

Rob. Not yet, madam. I am going for a quack medicine, which he saw advertised last night.

Eliza. What, another nostrum!

Rob. He has a new one every fortnight, at least.

Eliza. He may well be infirm.

Rob. He is become so suspicious, so full of fears, and so fretful, that I believe I must give him warning at last. [Exit.

Eliza. Poor uncle! Tho' I have little reason to love him, I cannot help feeling pity. It was cruel in him to convince me the husband of my heart was faithless. How ardent are the joys of youth, but how fleeting! I wonder that my lively spirits are not yet subdued.

SONG.

Of the rose, fair and young,
Poets often have sung;
And the thorn near its bosom emboss'd;
But notic'd have none
That the rose is but one,
And the thorns are a merciless host.

C

Having

HEAR BOTH SIDES :

Having liv'd out its day,
 The mild rose dies away;
 Averse and unequal to strife :
 But the thorns still are there,
 The rude emblems of care,
 To wound thro' the winter of life. [Exit.

Enter Sir RALPH in his morning gown, a newspaper in his hand.

Sir R. (reads) " Yesterday the sessions closed at the Old Bailey ; eight capitally convicted, eleven cast for transportation, nineteen sentenced to the house of correction, and seven privately whipped." What a world we live in ! Robert !

Enter ROBERT.

Rob. Sir !

Sir R. Have you brought me the balsam of life ?

Rob. I've brought the stuff you sent me for.

Sir R. Pray how much mischief was committed last night ?

Rob. That is more than I can say, Sir Ralph.

Sir R. So I fear ! How many were robbed ?

Rob. I really don't know.

Sir R. What houses broke open ? What fires ?

Rob. I have heard of none.

Sir R. None ? You made no inquiries ?

Rob. Why should I, Sir Ralph ?

Sir R. Have you no wish to hear of the misery that happens ?

Rob. None on earth, Sir Ralph.

Sir R. Stupid booby ! Give me my medicine.

Rob.

Rob. You had better eat your breakfast, Sir Ralph.

Sir R. Give me the medicine, I tell you.

Rob. Which of them?

Sir R. The new one, to be sure. Would you have me take poison?

Rob. You have been taking it these five years; Sir Ralph.

Sir R. The more is my misfortune. (*drinks*) It comforts me to think I have found a specific at last.

Rob. They have all been specifics in turn.

Sir R. In three weeks, the advertiser assures me I shall be quite another thing.

Rob. There may be more danger of it than you think. [*Exit.*]

Sir R. More danger than I think! I think of nothing but danger. Man may be truly defined a mischievous animal: his best inventions are his most dangerous weapons. Every smith is a professed picklock; every mechanic a qualified house-breaker; every tool, from the sledge hammer to the needle, an instrument of death.

Re-enter ELIZA unseen.

Eliza. He is in one of his nervous reveries.

Sir R. Tiles clattering, walls tottering, scaffolds falling, chimnies blown down, churches unroofed, steeples overtoppled, thunderbolts, conflagrations, whirlwinds, earthquakes, pestilence, war, famine-- (*Eliza taps him on the shoulder*) Lord have mercy upon us!

Eliza. Were you muttering prayers, or incantations, uncle?

Sir R. How dare you terrify one so, minx?

Eliza. If relationship did not bid me be charitable, I should really suppose you haunted by evil thoughts.

Sir R. So I am, huffey, when I think of you.

Eliza. Nay be good humoured: I bring you news.

Sir R. Of what? Is the plague broke out?

Eliza. Worse.

Sir R. (*Trembling*) Hay!

Eliza. My husband is here.

Sir R. (*Starting round*) Where?

Eliza. In London.

Sir R. In Flanders, you mean.

Eliza. I have seen him.

Sir R. Seen!——You have not dared?

Eliza. My eyes looked without asking leave.

Sir R. And spoken to him?

Eliza. Not yet.

Sir R. But you will?

Eliza. Since you advise me.

Sir R. I!——I'll disown you.

Eliza. That will be cruel.

Sir R. Your relations will all combine with me.

Eliza. My relations have combined already.

Sir R. In what?

Eliza. A bad cause, parting man and wife.

Sir R. I, I——I'll disinherit you.

Eliza. That will be unjust.

Sir R. Expose your disobedience.

Eliza. That will be revengeful.

Sir R. Have you conveyed again to your Content.

Eliza. That will be treacherous.

Sir.

Sir R. Teach all the world to shun you.

Eliza. That will be teaching all the world to be as naughty as yourself. In mercy to your character, my poor dear Uncle, stop; and don't draw your own portrait so frightful! Cruel, unjust, revengeful, treacherous——

Sir R. Lady Mary was frantic, when she left you her fortune!

Eliza. Lady Mary was an angel!

Sir R. You'll drive your family mad!

Eliza. It is their turn: my family long since drove me mad.

Sir R. Which way?

Eliza. By the tales they told of my husband. I have often suspected them to be forged.

Sir R. Did not Picard make oath he saw your fellow and his mistress go off post for Paris?

Eliza. Yes; but then he looked like a pitiful, suborned——

Sir R. Huffy!

Eliza. Nay, I declare, I now read his guilt in your face.

Sir R. His guilt——

Eliza. Added to your own.

Sir R. You insufferable——I, I, I, I.

Eliza. I, I, I, I.—Upon my honour, if you were not a person of fashion, I really believe you would beat me! I am only protected by the dread you have of killing your own character. Ay, ay; kick the carpet! Beat the boards! They can neither arraign you in a court of honour nor a court of law. They can only tattle to the servants, who will tattle to the neighbours. The whisper will go round (*Mimics*) “Indeed!”—“I assure you”

you"—"The Baronet"——"himself!"—"Can all this be true?"—"Every syllable!"—"Well, good bye! I see, my staying only angers you. I am a little sorry; and should be more, but that you felt not the least sorrow in making me miserable. [*Exit.*

Sir R. The provoking huffey! That fellow here! My fame, my purse, my life are at stake! They are resolved to meet. She'll tell him, and he'll tell her, and——Ay, ay; all will out! Mercy on me! Dangers start and spring upon us, like tigers in a desert! Gins and snares and pitfalls are every where! Who can stir abroad in safety: who can sit at home in peace? Every moment the house may fall about one's ears! Leave it, and one probably returns to find it in flames! Dare to sleep, it is forced open; and we are waked with daggers at our throat! Through life, man walks tottering on the edge of a precipice! He stands on the pinnacle of a steeple Sure to be seized with giddiness at last, headlong down——Oh Lord!—— [*Exit.*

SCENE.—*The House of* QUILLET.

TRANSIT, QUILLET, and STEWARD.

Quil. The deed is preparing. Mr. Fairfax gives you a large sum! But I warrant he knows why.

Stew. (*to himself*) Curse such knowledge. Poor Harry!

Tran. Once more, Mr. Quillet, I demand to know your reason for not proceeding against Sir Ralph; as instructed by my friend, Mr. Fairfax.

Quil.

Quil. (aside) Because Sir Ralph has instructed me differently.

Stew. Does Mr. Fairfax call himself your friend, young man?

Tran. Yes, he does, Sir.

Stew. I am sorry for you!

Tran. Sorry!

Stew. (anxiously) If you have money, or land, take care!

Tran. Baw!—I have neither. It's ill usage, Mr. Quillet; and you shall answer for it.

Quil. Shall I, Mr. Transit?

Tran. Yes, you shall.

Quil. Look you, Sir, I have one general rule for my behaviour.

Tran. And what is that, Sir?

Quil. When I luckily have a client that is quarrelsome, and rich, I look in his face, smile, and bow. But when a needy adventurer——

Tran. You insolent——

Stew. (interposing) Young man——

Tran. With his contemptible rules for practical knavery.

Quil. Contemptible?

Tran. Ay, Sir, contemptible.

Quil. (angry) Well, Sir! Very well! I'll carry this to account.

Tran. What, you will arrest me? You forget, you dare not. Mr. Fairfax is my friend.

Stew. Ah! A broken reed!

Quil. (sneering) Mr. Fairfax.

Tran. The worthy, the generous Mr. Fairfax! as much the pride of his profession as some of those he is obliged to employ are its disgrace.

Stew.

Stew. A bad world !

Quil. You are right. The pride of his profession ! No lawyer ever struck a bolder, better planned, or more decisive stroke !

Stew. A crocodile ! A hyæna !

Tran. What stroke ?

Stew. It will break my heart !

Tran. The whole world knows the probity of Mr. Fairfax !

Quil. Ha, ha, ha ! Ay, ay ! He has spent a life in laying in a large stock of probity, that he might vend it all at once ; and at a devilish high price !

Stew. Poor Harry Headlong !

Tran. What of Harry Headlong ?

Quil. Disinherited.

Tran. How !

Stew. (*Weeping*) Left to starve !

Quil. Fairfax himself the sole heir. I drew the will.

Tran. (*pause*) You drew the will !

Stew. (*with bitterness*) He !

Tran. And not instantly publish the villainy ?

Quil. Me publish ! It is my business to act for my client ; and not trouble myself about who gets rich, or who gets ruined.

Tran. What, Sir, have you no feeling for the unfortunate ?

Stew. None.

Tran. Fairfax ! I cannot think him so vile.

Stew. A demon !

Tran. Preach, declaim as he does !

Quil. The best speaker at the bar ! The pride of Westminster hall.

Tran. How I could curse him !

Stew.

Stew. Do ! I'll help.

Tran. Are there no means ?

Quil. None. All is made secure, and Fairfax in full possession.

Stew. Had Harry been but here !

Tran. Unless driven away, he is at this moment in Grosvenor Square.

Stew. Do you know him ?

Tran. I left him at Burrel's hotel. I'll soon find him ; and as for these lawyers ! Gunpowder ! Fire ! Sword ! Oh, damme, I'll—I don't know what I'll do. [*Exit.*

Stew. Is the parchment ready ?

Quil. Almost. The clerk will bring it. I wonder you are so angry with Mr. Fairfax : he is your friend. He says you have been an honest steward.

Stew. Mr. Melford does not say the same of you.

Quil. (*alarmed*) Melford !

Stew. Melford.

Quil. What do you know of Melford ?

Stew. I know that he is poor, and that you are rich.

Quil. He is in Italy.

Stew. Ay ! Then he travels fast !

Quil. Have you seen him ?

Stew. You'll see him soon.

Quil. (*aside*) The devil I shall !

Stew. It shakes you. Could you see the ghost of his uncle, Travis, you would shake worse.

Quil. Take care what you say, Sir : you may repent.

Stew. Sinners should do so.

D

Enter

Enter a Clerk, who delivers a Deed and returns.

Quil. Take your deed, Mr. honest steward ; and with it this advice : do not allow your tongue a licence, for which your pocket may pay.

Stew. Ah ! There are people whose actions, whose threats, and whose advice—I despise. [*Exit.*

Quil. (*Ruminates*) Melford in England ! Humph ! —Well ! What have I to fear ?—That’s a puzzling question. Every body has heard of the avarice and wealth of Travis ; every body knows I had the whole management of his affairs ; and every body says I have managed them like a—like a—no matter for the likeness.—But what of all that ? I have the cash, the lands, the estates. Besides, what is there wonderful, or uncommon, in all this ? How has Fairfax behaved ! The plausible counsellor, that comes with so smooth, so grave, so friendly a face, and talks, and talks, till old women bless themselves, and idiots put their purses in his pocket ! Even I thought him honest ; and had a sort of uneasy feeling in his company ! Pshaw ! I was an ass !—A dying uncle cajoled, and a high spirited generous heir plundered, and pitied by the whole world. Ay—pitied—but left to starve. How consoling is this affair ! It white-washes me ! He is so damned a rogue that I am an honest man ! I feel relieved. People won’t think of *me*. He’ll engross all the calumny, all the odium, all the—Oh, he has taken a load off my shoulders ! He is the worst of rogues—but he is my best friend.

[*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE *the Hall as before. GREGORY in the hall-chair. Knocking.*

Greg. (starts up) Hay!—What's that? Did nobody knock? Ever since master's death, I be glad to sleep, that I mayn't be a-frightened. Where can the steward be gone? Here I be left alone in this hugeous house, with no living soul except my sel and Susan. I may as well ha' my nap out. *(louder knocking)* Oh!—Who oo's there *(louder still)* Mercy! Who oo's there? Here's nobody at home.

Head. (without) Open the door!

Greg. I can't! I'se afraid!

Head. (knocks) Open the door, I say.

Greg. Who may you want? Here's nobody here.

Head. Sirrah, dog, here's your master.

Greg. The Lord forbid! My master died a fortnight ago.

Head. Will you open the door? I, Harry Headlong, am here.

Greg. So, so! It's he at last! Are you sure you are young Mr. Headlong?

Head. If you do not open the door, you damned hound, I'll fire the house.

Greg. It's he, sure enough! *(Opens the door.)*

Enter HEADLONG.

Head. What's the meaning of this, you cowardly booby? Where are all my attendants?

Greg. Sir!

D 2

Head.

Head. Butler, grooms, footmen; my uncle's servants?

Greg. Why, some are i'the country; and the rest paid off.

Head. Sent away?

Greg. Every soul; except Susan, I, and the cat.

Head. 'Sdeath! I want 'em every one; and twenty more. Come, stir, stir! Light the fires, open the doors; let in the air, and the neighbours, and the noise, and the news; that the whole world may know I am here! Quick! Water, fire, breakfast, and clean linen. It's a devilish comfortable thing to find myself in possession at last. Poor uncle! He would not give me a guinea, while living—but I know he loved me. To be sure, I have been a sad dog; but that's all over. Reformation is the word—order—ay, ay—Where are my keys—my stores? Are my cellars stocked with wines, my stables with horses, my larder with game? Assemble my friends, summon them by public advertisement, open house for a month!

Greg. A's as mad as ever.

Head. Why don't you fly, clodpole? Answer my questions; quick!

Greg. I can't! There be too many of 'em!

Enter STEWARD.

Stew. Is Mr. Fairfax returned?

Greg. Noa.

Stew. Harry!

Head. (*overjoyed*) What, my old and kind friend! How do you do? Here I am! You shall now live!

Stew.

Stew. Not long.

Head. An age in an hour! Are you not half mad with joy?

Stew. Half killed with grief!

Head. Your Harry, your playfellow is come home!

Stew. (*turning away in tears*) He wants a home.

Head. Where is my benefactor?

Stew. Who is he?

Head. Fairfax! My dearest, best friend!

Stew. Ah!

Head. I ought to have been here much sooner, but for the most delightful damned accident. She's more than mortal!

Stew. Who?

Head. I have in vain traversed Italy, Germany, and France to find her. But I must about it. Money! Money! Who is my banker?

Stew. I can't bear it!

Head. (*observing his grief*) Why, how now! for whom do you grieve?

Stew. An unfortunate youth!

Head. Is he poor?

Stew. Miserably!

Head. I'll make him rich.

Stew. Ah!

Head. Is his heart good?

Stew. Much better than his head.

Head. One of my own sort.

Stew. To his misfortune.

Head. Who is he?

Stew. He—I have not the heart to tell you.

[*Exit in passionate tears.*]

Head. (*follows*) Nay, nay, speak!

Enter

Enter TRANSIT, in an angry mood.

Tran. Is Mr. Headlong here?

Greg. A (*looking round*) A's somewhere, I believe.

Tran. Tell him his friend is waiting.

Greg. Lord, Sir, a young heir has so many friends!

Tran. His friend Transit.

Greg. A's here.

Re-enter HEADLONG.

Head. He won't tell—Ah, my fine fellow! Life is begun! I'm just born! The sun never shone till to-day! A brave world!

Tran. Psha! Damn the world!

Head. What splenetic fit is this?

Tran. You're gulled! We are two blind boobies! We cannot read villain in a villain's face!

Head. What villain?

Tran. Your guardian genius—Your—Your Fairfax!

Head. Sir! You have not dared apply such a term to Mr. Fairfax?

Greg. Gracious!

Tran. Why not dare, Sir?

Head. Because he is my friend; and, be it known to you, Sir, I never sacrifice an old friend to a new one.

Tran. And what then, Sir?

Head. Why then, Sir, he, who can speak ill of Mr. Fairfax, is no gentleman; and must do it at the hazard of his life.

Greg.

Greg. Mercy on us!

Tran. No gentleman!

Head. A gentleman is above calumny.

Tran. So am I, Sir.

Head. You have defamed Mr. Fairfax!

Tran. Mr. Fairfax is—No: for your punishment, you shall hear what he is from his own lips: But I will prove to him, you, or the whole world; he is a viper! A villainous—

Head. Again!

Tran. No epithet is bad enough.

Head. For this you must answer.

Tran. You have asserted I am no gentleman; for which *you* must answer.

Head. To-morrow morning, at five—

Tran. I'll give you a lesson.

Head. Bring your pistols!

Tran. Pistols! Pshaw! Pistols are the weapons of footpads, and blacklegs; who assassinate those that do not suffer themselves to be quietly robbed. I will correct you, Sir.

Head. Correct!

Tran. But I will not murder you. No, damn it! You are a spirited fine fellow, and ought to live: so I will myself teach you the *savoir vivre*. You shall see the manner in which a gentleman handles a sword.

Greg. Lord! here's abomination!

Tran. I—have conceived an affection for you; so I—I'll give you a lesson. [Exit.]

Greg. Nay but, Sir! Mr. Headlong!

Head. An unaccountable—impertinent—crazy pated fellow!

Greg.

Greg. Nothing, I hope, in the way of sword blades, and daggers?

Head. Correct me!—An affection for me!—I'm afraid he—he's deranged. Pooh! Why should I trouble myself about a madman of an hour's acquaintance?

Greg. A's coming again!

Re-enter TRANSIT, followed by Sir LUKE LOSTALL, Mr. BACKHAND, and Major TENNIS.

Tran. Here, here! This way, gentlemen! I met more of your friends. There is your prey, Mr.—Backhand, I believe, is your name?

Major. Major Tennis, if you please, Sir.

Tran. Hark you, Major Tennis, I'll take your two-to-one.

Major. Which way?

Tran. (*pointing to Head.*) That you don't gull him of a guinea.

Major. (*aside to Tran.*) Oh! A hundred to forty we do!

Tran. And, as a hedge, I'll hold you ninety to five.

Major. On what?

Tran. That, if the hangman were here, he would be a respectable person; yet that I should think myself in vile company.

Major. Flames and fury! What does he mean?

Tran. (*to Headlong*) Farewell! We shall meet. I would not leave you, if I did not unfortunately know that the greatest adept of Black-boy-alley, or St. James's-street, cannot pick an empty pocket.

[*Exit.*

Major. Why, Harry, what is all this ?

Head. Damme if I know. I am as bewildered as a preaching methodist ; or a pack of dogs that have lost scent. One tells a pitiful tale ; another, —Poh ! why disturb the tide of joy ? Come, my brave fellows, shall we think of pleasure ?

Major. Of what else ? Your spirits high, your fortune princely, your heart royal, beauty, wit, wine, youthful joys, jovial friends, and the world at your feet !

Head. Why, ay ! Who can wish for more ? Let us in and look round. When Mr. Fairfax comes, Gregory, call me instantly. Care is a sorry scoundrel ; Doubt his twin brother ; and Vexation their meagre slave and attendant.

[*Exeunt Head. Sir Luke, Major Tennis, and Mr. Backhand.*]

Greg. Call—Noa—not till I a' made known this sword and target—'sassination to—A's come.

Enter FAIRFAX.

Fair. Gregory !

Greg. Sir !

Fair. I hear Mr. Headlong is arrived ?

Greg. Yes, Sir,—but—

Fair. (*earnestly*) What ?

Greg. A—A's in a conjunction.

Fair. What ?

Greg. A's had a misfortin.

Fair. Is he ill ?

Greg. Noa.

Fair. Is he hurt ?

Greg. A may be

E .

Fair.

Fair. Which way?

Greg. A's in a dangerous quandary. One Mr. Transit has been, and said that somebody was a villain ; meaning thereby your worship.

Fair. Me!

Greg. Noa, noa ! N—not you—(*Aside*) Lord, what have I said !

Fair. Mr. Transit call me a villain !

Greg. I, I, I, said a called somebody—somebody a villain.

Fair. Can I believe it ?

Greg. Noa : dunno believe it ! My tongue is a cursed blab, and not to be believed.

Fair. How did this happen ?

Greg. Why it happened that—that being angered : they talked treason in each other's faces : So that I be too sure they made a settlement, between 'em, to flash i' the pan at one another !

Fair. Where ; when ?

Greg. Why, they ha' conspired to go at it at five o'clock to morrow morning.

Fair. Are you sure ?

Greg. 'Tis but too sartin !

Fair. Can't you tell how the fray arose ?

Greg. Why, 'twas a this'n—When Mr. Transit blasphemed against you, Mr. Headlong stamped wi's foot, at which Mr. Transit stamped on his part ! as if one should defy tother, and tother should defy he ! which at long length, brought on swords, and pistols, and murder at five o'clock i' the morning—for a said a had conceived an infection for Mr. Headlong.

Fair. Affection, you mean ?

Greg. Yes ; to kill him. Thof I must bear testimony

timony in behalf of Mr. Transit, that a did promise not to commit murder : but then a said a would cor—corrupt, or dis-sect him, or summut.

Fair. Villain ! Villain ! Perhaps he has heard—
(*laughing without.*) What is all this ? (*to Greg.*)
Who are these ?

Greg. They be Mr. Headlong's prime friends ; brought by Mr. Transit.

Fair. What, after the challenge ?

Greg. Yes ; and did as good as throw defiance in *their* teeth, too. A's a desperate blade ; that's for sure ! (*Laughing and talking behind.*)

FAIRFAX *at the back of the Scene.*

Back. (*without*) Bravo !

Sir L. (*entering*) Keep it up !

Enter HEADLONG, the MAJOR, Mr. BACKHAND,
and SIR LUKE.

Maj. Where shall we dine ?

Head. Here, my lads ! Here ! Dine and sup !

Sir L. We'll have the books and the bones !
(*imitates.*)

Major. A dozen pair of each !

Back. The racing calendar !

Sir L. Harry shall set off in style.

Major. Oh, damme, as becomes a gentleman !
(*aside.*) We'll have him a few to-night.

Fair. (*coming forward*) So, Mr. Headlong !

Head. (*jumping on his neck*) My dear, dear, dear, Mr. Fairfax.

Fair. Are you frantic, Sir ?

Head. My defender ! My best, my faithful friend !

Fair. Sir ! Who are these ?

Major. We, like you, Sir, have the honour to be his friends.

Head. You have made the whole world my friends! Oh that you could drink diamonds! You have placed me in the clouds!

Fair. 'Twill be prudent of you to descend.

Head. Don't be angry: I should have hastened home, to receive my uncle's parting breath. I own, my fault was unpardonable! but, had you seen her! The most angelic, most— It was at Venice, Carnival time—

Fair. (*severely.*) I have not leisure, Sir, to hear your ribbald adventures; by which, ere your chin was bearded, you had dissipated two moderate fortunes.

Head. But you have secured me a third, that is *immoderate*.

Fair. Light and lunatic spendthrift, nothing can shake you, or you are in a dream; the waking from which would be disgrace, ruin, and frenzy!

Head. I sincerely own I am a scatter-witted fool! Reprove, call me to account; picture my follies in all their extravagance; but let it be tomorrow. For this day, let my house, like my heart, be open to all mankind!

Fair. Your house? Sir, the house is mine.

Sir L. Hey!

Head. (*short pause*) Yours! I'm glad of it! For ever may it so remain!

Fair. The estates are mine.

Major. The devil!

Head. Sir!

Fair. The property is mine.

Head. Yours!

Fair.

Fair. To the last guinea, mine.

Major. Here's a blow up! and our dear friend is——

Fair. Is disinherited.

Sir L. Damned bad news, Major!

Major. Worse than nine losing back hands.

[*Exeunt Sir L. Mr B. and Major T.*]

Head. Hark you, Mr. Fairfax; are you serious?

Fair. Is my word doubted?

Head. You my uncle's heir?

Fair. By every form and deed of law.

Head. Do not say so!—No, no! Do not!

Fair. And why?

Head. Had any other man robbed me, I should not much have grieved—but you!

Fair. Robbed you?

Head. Ha! His heir! Ha, ha, ha! Fidelity is become a fiend; and Justice her abettor. Fairfax!—In the records of time strange events are written—Sir—I once heard a friend's name followed by villain, and my blood took fire! Was it then true?

Fair. Speak intelligibly, Sir.

Head. I cannot! I never before questioned what you affirmed; but your words are not to be believed! Adieu! If you have spoken truth, you have bartered the noble, the dignified form of Honesty for the foul brood of multiplying Guilt, and agonizing Self-contempt. [*Exeunt.*]

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

A C T III.

SCENE *the Hall in Grosvenor Square.*

HEADLONG *enters, throws himself in the hall chair, starts up, and walks disturbed.*

HEADLONG.

HOW now! Why Gregory!

Greg. (entering) Sir!

Head. Are you there? Are you living?

Greg. Living, Sir!

Head. Do these roofs yet remain? Have no thunderbolts scattered the walls? no visitations of wrath and vengeance laid bare their iniquity to the common curse?

Greg. Dear, dear Sir, what can you mean? Is any thing more the matter?

Head. Ay, man; more is the matter than hood-winked Honesty can find faith to credit, or dumb-founded Amazement words to relate.

Greg. I's afraid, Sir, lest you be a bit disturbed in mind?

Head. 'Tis more than probable.

Greg. Don't think of misfortin; pray you don't.

Head.

Head. Pray as you will, good Gregory, I must think, I will think, and I do think, till my brain blazes, though all is dark around me.

Greg. Goodness grant that he be not gone crazed! Mayhap a may have no money; nay, and, now a's lost all his friends, a may want a morsel to put in his mouth? Lord a heaven forbid!

Head. Are you rich, Gregory?

Greg. (*aside*) I do think that's it, sure enough—Rich, Sir? Yes, sure, in a sartin sort. I have eleven guineas and sixpence, all in gold, locked safe in my box: but I don't want um. You do know, Sir, I have meat and drink plenty, here. I'll tetch 'em for you.

Head. For me, Gregory?

Greg. Yes, sure, I do hope I have a christian soul for charity.

Head. Charity—Fiends!—True, I am a pauper.

Greg. Don't go till I come back.

Head. (*seizing him*) Stay!

Greg. Nay but why should you be so bashful? I don't want um: I have a crown piece, here in my fob, for pocket money; besides my wages falling due, so do let——

Head. Silence! Say another word, and I will tear——

Greg. Lord, lord!

Head. Give me thy noble hand! Nay, no fear: I am not yet entirely mad. I have only challenged my friend, embraced my enemy, and lost——ay! She now is lost indeed!

Enter

Enter STEWARD.

Stew. Mr. Headlong.

Head. What say you, good soul?

Stew. Don't despair.

Head. Fear not! Fear not!

Stew. You are ill?

Head. I never was well. My life has been a fever; this is only another shaking fit. Time was I had an uncle.

Stew. Fie upon him!

Head. That uncle had a heart.

Stew. It turned to stone.

Head. When shall such happy days return?

Stew. (*with a burst of sorrow*) Never!

Head. Nay, old playmate, look up! We'll yet laugh at the world. We'll brush the thread-bare coat clean, and wear it proudly.

Stew. Don't grieve too much. (*Takes his hand*) You have a friend?

Head. You are my friend.

Stew. Am I? Will you own me as your friend? Will you, Harry?

Head. Ay, my honest heart; frost, or sunshine.

Stew. From a child, I loved you, Harry!

Head. Thank you, thank you!

Stew. So sweet a boy, so frolicsome, so kind-hearted!—I have a proposal—the friend I mentioned—

Head. What of him?

Stew. Will not be known; but he is busy.

Head. Which way?

Stew. In Italy—two hundred a-year will keep a gentleman above want.

Head.

Head. Your meaning?

Stew. Fly; escape your creditors.

Head. What and who is he?

Stew. A hidden but a firm friend. Fly from imprisonment! You in a jail, he in his coffin!

[*Exit.*]

Enter TRANSIT.

Greg. Marcy! A's come! 'Tis a pity the steward's presence is not by: a looks to be loaded with pistols.

Head. (*returning from the Steward*) Sir, when last we met, we were under a mistake,

Tran. Were we? Well!

Head. You spoke ill of—

Tran. Go on, describe him.

Head. I cannot.

Greg. (*watching*) I do see no token of gunpowder.

Head. So much has my heart honoured his name, that—

Tran. Curses pursue him.

Head. Forbear!

Greg. I do believe they are coming about!

Head. He was good! By heaven he was!

Tran. Ay, ay. Though our acquaintance is short, I know you. You have a heart to feel stabs, but no hand to return them.

Head. (*taking the hand of Transit with great feeling*) Well, I have lost a friend, but I have found a friend.

Greg. (*in ecstasy*) Lord, lord! The gunpowder plot is ended! It's most merciful good tidings. (*knocking.*)

F

Enter

Enter a BAILIFF in a muff and roquelaur, &c. and his Follower, as a footman.

Greg. (recollecting the Bailiff, and changing to sudden trepidation) Who would you please to want?

Bail. Monsieur Headalong, Sair: wen he is wid the house at home.

Greg. I, I—I'll go and see.

Bail. I am tanka you, Sair.

Greg. (whispering Headlong.) Oh lord, Sir, tribulation is come! Here be the bailiffs.

Head. Bailiffs?

Greg. Run and hide yourself. Here! Here's the key of the coal cellar.

Head. How do you know?

Greg. When I was out of place, I lodged in the same alley; and saw them often enough clutch up distressful people, between their devilish iron barred windows.

Tran. Bring them to me, Gregory. (*to Headlong*) Fly! (*Aloud*) Good day! Good day! I shall see you again to-morrow?

Head. (going) Without fail. [*Exit.*

Greg. Marcy be praised, A's safe!

Bail. Sair, I shall have de honour to ask wen your name shall be Headalong?

Tran. Ask again.

Bail. (shewing his writ) And to make my compliment by a little letter of recommendation.

Tran. Ha! But your letter happens to have miscarried.

Bail. (throwing aside his roquelaur and muff) Come, come, Sir; joking apart, you are my prisoner.

Tran.

Tran. Ha, ha, ha! Joking apart! Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! No no; we'll joke in chorus. Ha, ha, ha! The joke is not half over.

Bail. You're right, Sir.

Tran. Ha, ha, ha! By good luck, my name is Transit.

Bail. Ha, ha, ha! By good luck, I know it.

Tran. (*struck blank*) The devil you do!

Greg. Oh the wickedness o' this world!

Bail. Please to read. Ha, ha, ha! The joke, you see, is a very good joke. Come, Sir, come.

[*taking him off.*]

Tran. This is a pretty trick!—Gregory!

Greg. Sir, (*doubles his fists*) shall I at 'um?

Tran. No, no.

Greg. I can do't, I am bottom.

Tran. Be quiet. Tell Harry what has happened.

Bail. He will soon keep you company.

Tran. You are very jocular. Ha, ha, ha! "Welcome, welcome, brother debtor."

Greg. Lord, lord, how my fingers do itch!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE *the Hotel.*

CAROLINE and ELIZA entering, the latter with a mask in her hand.

Eliza. So you lodge in this hotel?

Car. For want of a better home.

Eliza. The once splendid Melford so moderate in his desires!

Car. My father no longer has the means.

Eliza. Does he not inherit the possessions of the wealthy Travis?

Car. They are lost, dispersed.

Eliza. By what strange event?

Car. The dishonesty of a steward; an attorney.

Eliza. Quillet?

Car. Yes.

Eliza. The vile man! My dear girl, you are almost as unfortunate as I am.

Car. You!

Eliza. I too have lost—

Car. What?

Eliza. (*sighs*) My husband.

Car. A widow?

Eliza. Worse! The fellow lives to plague me.

Car. How came you separated?

Eliza. By his infidelity, and the pride of my relations.

Car. Where does he live?

Eliza. In this very house.

Car. Then you meet?

Eliza. No, indeed. He does not know where I am.

Car. But you wish to meet?

Eliza. No; yes. I am tormented myself, and I wish to torment him.

Car. Which way?

Eliza. That I am racking my brain to find.

Car. Where did you marry?

Eliza. At Brussels. He stole me from a convent.

Car. How came you to consent?

Eliza. I had too strong motives: I loved him, and had no propensity to be a nun.

Car.

Car. Can you, Eliza, so far forget your duty as to hate your husband?

Eliza. Hate, child! Since I have been parted from the creature, I find I love him better than ever.

Car. Is an eager desire to torment him a proof?

Eliza. The most infallible a wife can give. The more dearly she loves, the more she tingles to drive the animal mad.

Car. You do not speak from your heart?

Eliza. Lord, but I do.

Car. And for this charitable purpose you keep your mask ready?

Eliza. With some such hope.

Car. The death of your aunt has made you independent?

Eliza. A little too soon, for my love to her; a little too late, for my love to him.

Car. He being poor.

Eliza. As a knight of Windsor. But poverty is no plague to the wretch: he has most mirth when he has least money.

Car. In that case, the revenge you seek is easy.

Eliza. The thought has not escaped me. Heavens, yonder he comes!

Car. (*smiling*) Well, well, I will leave him to his punishment. [*Exit.*

Enter

Enter TRANSIT, and BAILIFF. ELIZA on the watch, masked.

Tran. You are a very civil person, to bring me to my own lodgings.

Bail. My employers ordered me.

Tran. How many of them have you?

Bail. The master of this house.

Tran. Ay, but who else?

Bail. Mr. Fairfax, and Mr. Quillet.

Tran. (*indignant.*) Indeed! You'll let me step to my chamber?

Bail. (*seizing his arm.*) You may step up to the leads

Eliza. (*advancing*) Excuse me, Sir, why do you detain this—person?

Bail. He is my prisoner, madam.

Eliza. A malefactor! Poor creature! What offence?

Bail. The offence of eating and drinking. Living like a gentleman without the means.

Eliza. Oh! He is what you call a—a swindler?

Tran. Madam!

Bail. No, not so bad as that; only a debtor.

Eliza. Dear! I have seen his face before! Should he be brought to trial, I can give evidence. He comes from—Ghent. No—from Brussels

Tran. (*proudly*) I have that honour, madam.

Eliza. Honour! (*shrugs*) Bless me! Honour!

Tran. I hope, madam, you will not indulge—im—impoliteness, because you are a lady and wear a mask.

Eliza. You wear no mask, friend; any one can read your face.

Enter

Enter the Master of the Hotel.

Tran. My face!

Eliza. Let him go: I'll pay the debt.

Mast. (*eagerly coming forward*) Will you, madam?

Eliza. What is the sum?

Mast. A hundred and seven pounds twelve.

Eliza. I'll settle it for him: though addicted to bad ways, being a foreigner, one can't help pitying the man.

Tran. S'death, madam!

Eliza. Release him.

Bail. Nay there may be detainers.

Mast. (*to the Bailiff*) Zounds, take the money!

Eliza. I'll indemnify you.

Bail. (*aside to the master*) Do you know the lady?

Mast. Certainly.

Bail. In that case, madam——

[*Exit, with the Master.*]

Tran. Fire and fury!—I won't be released—I am—Zounds, I don't know what I am, where I am, who I am, or—Pray, madam, who are you?

Eliza. Ask no questions, good man. Here.

(*Gives a pocket book.*)

Tran. What is this?

Eliza. Don't open it, till I am gone.

Tran. But why?

Eliza. You are very poor.

Tran. I poor! I am a prince! An Emperor! I have the richest—fund of spirits on earth.

Eliza. Of which I am resolved to rob you.

Tran.

Tran. Rob!—Oh!—I have the key to the riddle! You mean to marry me.

Eliza. Impertinent—

Tran. You are in love with me! A fine creature! And I'll take you, ay, damme, under a mask!

Eliza. Marry *you*, man!

Tran. Why not? I once married as good a woman.

Eliza. I know it, runagate!

Tran. Know it! (*affectionately*) Then, madam, you know she loved me.

Eliza. She love you! She—she thought as ill of you—as I do!

Tran. Ha, ha, ha! May be so! May be so!

Eliza. She—she despised your perfidy!

Tran. I find you are ignorant of the matter.

Eliza. Ignorant! Sir, her maiden name was Eliza Aspen; you stole her from a convent; you bribed father Francis; she gave you the gold; the purse was green; he conveyed her to you thro' the small door of the convent; you hurried her down the dark aisle, and, like an impudent wretch as you were, stopped three times to kiss; knowing the poor thing durst not cry out.

Tran. Knowing she had no inclination to cry out, if I had stopped to kiss her a thousand times!

Eliza. Then, why didn't you, graceless? why didn't you?

Tran. (*vexed*) S'dearth, I, I—I could not! I durst not! I was afraid the outward gate would close upon us. But I paid off my score as soon as I got her into the carriage.

Eliza. You didn't.

Tran.

Tran. I did: you know I did; for, since you are witch enough to know the rest, you must know that.

Eliza. I don't and I won't know any such thing!

Tran. You must: tho' nobody was there but she and I!

Eliza. I tell you, I was there; and now I am here: and I will be every where: before you and behind you, at bed and board, sleeping and waking, laughing and crying, living and dying! I, I'll be the tantalizer of your life! I'll run round you to plague you; I'll run to you to plague you; and I'll, I'll—I'll run from you to plague you. [*Exit.*]

Tran. (*stands gazing*) The phantom is vanished!—It is magic!—Before you, and behind you, and round about you. (*starts round*) Oof! Let me recover my senses!—And this book? What are its contents? Hoo! Bank-notes!—One, two,—five of a hundred each—Poh! It's all a lie! These are no bank-notes; nobody has arrested me; I have seen no woman, met no (*enter Headlong.*)—Pray, Sir, what is your name? In what place are we? What's the hour?

Head. Pray forgive me; I'm not in tune for mockery.

Tran. Nay, then, take these five hundred pounds; for, if this be real paper, if I am substantially myself, and you are Harry Headlong, my fortune is made.

Head. Indeed!

Tran. And in truth! You left me in the power of an evil genius; the queen of fairies appeared, commanded my release, tossed me a handful of pearls, and, melting to air, vowed to haunt me till

—till I shall consent to make her blest ! So take the money.

Head. I cannot understand you !

Tran. How the devil should you ! Yet, it is every syllable true. Take the money ; I can have as much as I will : by my honour, I can. We are friends ; don't refuse me. There, there ! Good bye ! I'm only going for more : she is impatient till I come, oh ! [Exit.

Head. An unaccountable fellow ; but a noble one—Oh that Fairfax ! I can no longer doubt : the indigent and declining Melford has been insulted by him. Well, well : I must inquire his lodging ; this money may then be of use. There is consolation in the thought. [Exit.

Enter MASTER, looking after HEADLONG.

Mast. It's all over with that youth ! My house is haunted by beggarly guests ; here come two more of them.

Enter MELFORD and CAROLINE.

Mel. Weep no more.

Car. Consent then that I may pledge my mother's bracelets.

Mas. (aside) So ! [Exit.

Mel. That we may live another miserable week.

Car. It is no crime ; and my veil will hide the shame.

Mel. Send my daughter on such an errand ;

Car. Since one of us it must be, the daughter, surely ; and not the father. She is unknown ; but he, the once wealthy and high ported Melford, seen humbled thus ? No ; I better know the duties of a child.

Mel.

Mel. My daughter! Fiends!

Car. Men possess not such trinkets.

Mel. True. I might be suspected as a thief, dragged and exhibited——

Car. Never, my father, never.

Mel. Go, girl! Go, child! Take them; bring back the pittance, and the scene shall close: we'll banquet on our last morsel, breathe a parting prayer, and die. [*Exit.*

Enter FAIRFAX, and Master of the Hotel.

Fair. Released from arrest by a lady, say you?

Mas. Yes, Sir.

Fair. Not by——(*pointing to Caroline*).

Mas. Oh, no, poor girl; she is in distress enough.

Fair. The very face and form of innocence!

Mas. Those bracelets were her mother's; which she is going to pledge.

Fair. How do you know?

Mas. I heard what she said to her father.

Fair. Pray leave us.

Mas. She is handsome.

[*Exit.*

Fair. (*to Caroline, who is going*) Madam!

Car. (*a little start*) Sir!

Fair. Forgive the intrusion of a stranger.

Car. Your pleasure?

Fair. Do not think me rude; there may be good manners even in being abrupt.

Car. Perhaps so, Sir.

Fair. To a man of the world, the sweet dejection of your face and form tell much; and I have heard more. Pardon me, I know you are poor.

Car. It so happens, Sir.

Fair. Honour me so far as to explain your immediate wants.

Car. For what purpose?

Fair. Till I hear, I cannot answer.

Car. You never saw me before?

Fair. But what I now see fixes my attention. There are books in which a single sentence is a volume.

Car. You speak kindly; and I am apt to believe, in spite of proof, there is much kindness in the human heart. Nor will I ask if your views are sinister, or such as may become a man: I can confide in myself, and therefore fear not others.

Fair. 'Tis a noble confidence.

Car. Briefly, Sir, I am the daughter of a man who, once at the head of fashion, is now in want of sustenance. These bracelets are the last remains of former splendour. As mere ornaments, I might hold them cheap; but they were my mother's. Dying when I was yet a child, she tied them on my arms; and, as if speaking to things of sense and memory, conjured them daily to remind me of a dear mother's love.

Fair. You must not part with them.

Car. Not to save a father? Oh, yes; with them and life! but I would indeed most gladly find some gentle bosom, that would so far sympathize with parental sufferings, and filial piety to a mother's memory, as to receive them in pledge; permitting me, might ever fortune smile again, though years should first elapse, to redeem tokens which it rends my heart to quit.

Fair. These pearls are rich; yet how poor, compared to the sweet sensibilities of which they are the bond!

Car.

Car. Ah, Sir !

Fair. Such pure affections, with thoughts so just, and youth so tender, are seldom seen. Young lady, I will be your banker ; but will receive no pledge.

Car. Pardon me ; that, Sir, must not be. False construction, vague inference, and unmerited reproach, might follow. Take charge of the bracelets, or ask me to accept no favour.

Fair. Your caution is commendable ; but you say you have a father : accept this trifle (*searching his pocket-book*) and tell me his residence and name.

Car. His name is Melford.

Fair. (*starting*) Melford !

Car. Why are you surprised ?

Fair. Lately from Italy ?

Car. Yes.

Fair. And you his daughter ?

Car. Is it a miracle ?

Fair. Something like one. (*considers, then puts up his pocket-book*) Return to your father. Farewell. (*As Fairfax goes off, Headlong enters ; and starts to meet him.*)

Head. (*in a tone of anguish covering his eyes*) Oh !

Car. 'Tis Harry ! What strange events are these. (*puts down her veil.*)

Head. How specious are his looks ! (*to the Master of the Hotel, crossing*) I find Mr. Melford lodges here ?

Mas. Yes,

Head. Is he at home ?

Mas. I don't know ; there's his daughter. [*Exit.*

Head. Indeed ! A sweet form !

Car. (*aside*) What can he want with my father ? I thought them not acquainted.

Head.

Head. (*bowing*) Can you tell me, Madam, is Mr. Melford within?

Car. He is not, Sir. Does he know you?

Head. Scarcely. We once met.

Car. Where?

Head. At Venice. Our acquaintance was short, yet interesting.

Car. For what reason, Sir?

Head. We were both far from home, and both in distress. Speaking of Old England, we wished we were there, wanted the means, pitied each other, hoped for better days, shook hands, and parted.

Car. What, for England?

Head. Soon after.

Car. Not without money?

Head. A supply came.

Car. (*struck with a sudden thought*) And you sent a part to your countryman?

Head. I—pshaw!

Car. (*aside*) Was it he that relieved my father?

Head. (*aside*) How striking is the resemblance! Why is she veiled?—Pardon me, madam, but you would infinitely oblige me, were you to remove that beauty blind.

Car. Excuse me, Sir.

Head. Indeed you safely may.

Car. (*aside*) Indeed, you mistake.

Head. You are one of those heavenly beings whom it is my destiny to adore.

Car. (*aside and angry*) So——But not the only one?

Head. The——madam?

Car. You own it!

Head. Do I, madam?

Car. (*piqued*) Do you not?

Head.

Head. Really I—my mind is wandering.

Car. Back to Venice, perhaps?

Head. Venice, and London, and—I, I don't know what, or where.

Car. Evasion surely is beneath you, Sir. That flippancy which is destitute of honour, sense, and soul, may be pitied; but never can be respected.

Head. (*aside*) Her very sentiments! And yet it cannot be. (*aloud*) *Bellissima Signorina, per grazia, parliamo Italiano.*

Car. (*aside*) Indeed, I will not.—What did you say, Sir?

Head. That I would give the world to hear you speak Italian, as I once heard it spoken.

Car. Once?

Head. And only once. She was in masquerade, yet she had not the cruelty like you to hide her face.

Car. It seems your custom to fall in love at first sight?

Head. Never but that once.

Car. Sir!

Head. And this once, madam.

Car. That once, and this once!

Head. Yes, madam.

Car. And, pray, who is the lady?

Head. I don't know, ma'am; except that her name is Caroline.

Car. Where is she?

Head. I don't know that, ma'am: but, till I find her, I shall be the most miserable fellow on earth. (*recollecting*) That is, unless, ma'am, you—you should take pity on me.

Car. You insult me, Sir.

Head.

Head. I am sorry for it, from my soul.

Car. Could you be satisfied with half a woman's heart?

Head. Oh dear, no, ma'am. A woman's heart whole is not too much for me.

Car. Could she then be satisfied with half yours?

Head. Oh, ma'am, I never give my heart by halves; I give it all at once.

Car. And more than once, it seems?

Head. It is your own faults. No mortal, having eyes or ears, could resist either of you.

Car. You never saw my face?

Head. But I saw hers; which I suppose the very pattern of yours. Have heard her sweet and rosy lips, and tasted them ten thousand times—

Car. Sir!

Head. In imagination. Alas, nothing more!

Car. This is trifling. You said your business was with my father.

Head. I have a small pocket-book.

Car. Which you would wish to have given him yourself?

Head. No, ma'am; I would much rather, if possible, conjure it into his pocket. Now, as conjurors act by confederacy, you, being his daughter, might second me.

Car. Will that be proper, Sir? (*with great emotion*) It contains—?

Head. Be assured, it contains nothing of harm.

Car. Suffer me to examine?

Head. I would die to oblige you, madam; but, in this case, I—I have a very particular reason for wishing it should be delivered unopened to Mr. Melford (*retiring*).

Car.

Car. As coming from you?

Head. Not for the world!

Car. What must I say?

Head. A stranger gave it you; one who—in short, say all that your own sympathetic heart can suggest, to pour the balm of consolation on a corroded mind, and soften the wounded feelings of an unfortunate father. Adieu! Adieu! You—You—would to heaven you spoke Italian! [*Exit hastily.*]

Car. (*her agitation becomes extreme*) Sir! Sir!

(*a little raising her veil.*)

Head. (*returns: the veil dropped*) Madam! Did you please to call?

Car. (*confused*) Sir—I—I—

Head. I beg pardon, madam. My eyes and ears both deceived me. I thought I saw—as well as heard! But, alas! it was impossible. Angels guard you. Oh, that you could speak Italian! [*Exit.*]

Enter MELFORD, hastily, and looking back.

Mel. Surely I have seen that face?

Car. (*trembling*) 'Tis Harry Headlong! Oh, Sir, I have such wonders to relate!

Mel. Nay, child, I am myself in amazement. A ticket porter, waiting for me at the door, gave me this letter, containing a fifty pound bill, and then ran off.

Car. Surely, that too cannot be from him?

Mel. From whom?

Car. Mr. Headlong.

Mel. No, no. I have just heard of his misfortunes.

H

Car.

Car. (*her agitation again increased*) What misfortunes?

Mel. He, like myself, is robbed of a vast inheritance.

Car. How?

Mel. Most treacherously.

Car. By whom?

Mel. The cruel, the hypocritical Fairfax. Caroline! (*alarmed*) Are you ill?

Car. Mr. Headlong disinherited!

Mel. And his false friend the heir.

Car. Do not be surprised that I am a little agitated. When you shall know all Mr. Headlong's virtues, your heart will bleed at his misfortunes, and feel tenfold indignation against his oppressor.

[*Exeunt.*

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

ACT IV.

SCENE Grosvenor Square.

Enter HEADLONG.

Head. So ! I have escaped from the bailiffs that beset my lodgings—I cannot forget her ! Oh, was she but mine !——Of what am I dreaming ? Can I so easily lose sense of the sudden mischief which, like a common executioner, is racking me through every fibre ? Frenzy, despair, and meditated vengeance seize me at one moment ; the next I fall into some light and trivial mood ; till at last, again remembering what I am, I could despise and curse myself for being so ! Surely 'tis but the wild hurry of youthful spirits—I can feel, I can act, I can suffer. Aye, I can, and I will.
(throws himself on the steps of his own door.)

Enter the STEWARD, who sees him, and stands half stupified.

Stew. Heaven pardon my sins !

Head. These doors I entered as mine, and now the beggar is seated on his proper throne. The step of a door on a frosty night will be a pleasant pillow.

Stew. Sir ! My dear master !

Head. *(springing up and taking his band)* Ha !
Constancy !

Stew.

Stew. Why do you stay here?

Head. Because—because it is decreed. Heaven decrees, and man obeys. Is it not so?

Stew. Do not stay in the comfortless street.

Head. Why not? Here I am, barren and bare; destitute of all that could excite cupidity. Let me defy what further can befall me?

Stew. Have better hopes.

Head. The sickly imagination, surrounded by her self-created horrors, can behold nothing but deformity—can feel nothing but pain.—'Tis folly! We will furnish Misery with a new face; will show Persecution, that the liberal and free-born soul has an elasticity, which all her fetters cannot confine.

Stew. Come with me; we will find a home.

Head. Faithful still, old friend—you follow me through all fortunes?

Stew. Till the breath leaves my body.

Head. My hope this morning was to have better rewarded your affection.

Stew. Come, come. Don't be afraid: the writs against you are discharged.

Head. (*surprised*) By whom?

Stew. A friend.

Head. Yourself?

Stew. The friend I mentioned this morning.

Head. How often, when a child, have I been warned by you, on no occasion, however trying, to be guilty of falsehood! It was yourself?

Stew. I have still a reserve.

Head. It must not be.

Stew. I will attend you to Italy.

Head. (*firmly*) It must not be.

Stew. All the world has forsaken you.

Head.

Head. Sunshine and pure air, with the power of moving when and where desire shall lead, dear as they are to the heart of man, must not be accepted on such terms.

Stew. (*afflicted*) Aye, aye, so it is: I was only your uncle's steward.

Head. Fie! A prince may be proud of such a friend.

Stew. Between friends, all good is common.

Head. Sacrifice the gleanings of an honest laborious life, at the moment when age demands solace and ease? No, no—

Stew. (*weeping*) It is unkind, Harry. It is unkind, Mr. Headlong. But no matter; the thing is nearly done.

Head. What is done?

Stew. An annuity is purchased on your life.

Head. Have you dared?

Stew. Spurn me, if you will: I must not be your friend, but I will be your servant.

Head. (*much moved*) You persecute me to commit injustice.

Stew. Refuse, and break my heart.

Head. I know that, in the extreme of mutual wretchedness and fellow-suffering there is consolation.

Stew. You will consent at last? I knew you were too kind to kill me.

Head. I'll promise nothing, except to love you everlastingly, my late and early friend; and so to act as that you and the world shall say—misfortune has, at length, taught him to be a man. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE *the Office of Quillet; a Library Table; Clerks in an adjoining Chamber.*

QUILLET and MELFORD.

Quil. What can I say, Mr. Melford? I am sorry for you; very sorry indeed: but I can only add, again and again, my accounts are closed, as my books will show.

Mel. No, Sir, your accounts are not closed, yet—

Quil. Nay, you are so angry!

Mel. Angry! Were you not the acting executor?

Quil. Ah! A painful office it was. Such perplexity! My poor brain! It has robbed me of many a night's sleep.

Mel. Patience of Saints! Attorney and Steward to Mr. Travis, his whole rental passed through your hands.

Quil. Ah! I had work enough!

Mel. What have you done with the receipts?

Quil. My books will show.

Mel. How have the sums drawn from the funds been expended?

Quil. My books will show.

Mel. What were the pretended debts to pay which you say the landed property was sold?

Quil. My books will show.

Mel. By what means did Mr. Travis, a man noted for hoarding, thus miraculously become poor?

Quil. Humph! That—that my books will not show.

Mel. Ask your conscience?

Quil.

Quil. Poh, poh ! Ask my ledger : conscience is out of the question.

Mel. More is the shame.

Quil. No one knew what he did with his money. Superannuated ! Guineas found in one hole ; bank notes in another ; left forgetfully about, swept away, burned, lost, nobody knows how.

Mel. And found, Sir—

Quil. Nobody knows by whom.

Mel. Though every body names the miscreant.

Quil. Do they ?

Mel. They do.

Quil. Every body names the miscreant. Ha ! Dangerous language, Mr. Melford : let me caution you to be more guarded.

Mel. Why, devil though you are, what farther mischief can you do me ?

Quil. I do mischief ? No, Mr. Melford, I shall act according to law.

Mel. There are vipers, Sir, that only act to pervert and disgrace the law.

Quil. Vipers—humph ! That may be.

Mel. And more than one of these reptiles are—

Quil. Stop a moment. (*to Clerks in the Office.*) Within ! Two of you come in here, and take down all that is said. You were pleased to call me miscreant, viper, and reptile, Mr. Melford ?—He does not deny it : write. Take notice, I use no provocation.

Mel. Is it possible for villainy so wicked to be so shameless ?

Quil.

Quil. A wicked shameless villain!—Addressed to me—Write.

Mel. How many men, infinitely less criminal, have been brought to the gallows!

Quil. I am a criminal; I shall be brought to the gallows. Take down his words. Proceed Sir—Mark, I say nothing to aggravate.

Mel. Oh, heart of man! What a sink of vice can practice make thee! How does the wholesome medicine of law, mal-administered, become a destructive poison! The sword of justice, wrested from her by every villain hand, is pointed at her proper bosom. Base and mercenary wretches mock at the wisdom of legislators, make the upright judge an instrument of wrong, and, while they excite a nation's curse, endanger a nation's peace. [Exit.

Quil. (to clerks) You need not take down that. [Exeunt.

SCENE *the House of Sir Ralph Aspen.*

SIR RALPH *and the* STEWARD.

Sir R. It is indeed a villainous affair; but I do not name the villain. Like you, I think more than I speak.

Stew. I hate babbling.

Sir R. Not only is Harry disinherited by his arts, but he protects another fellow from Brussels; a pretended relation of mine, by marriage; yet this very day he had the fellow arrested.

Stew.

Stew. You give me no answer?

Sir R. Where is your young master?

Stew. I don't know. Grieving, laughing, crying (cries himself.) Half mad.

Sir R. Poor youth! So you mean to buy him an annuity?

Stew. He must not starve.

Sir R. And are short one hundred pounds?

Stew. Will you give them?

Sir R. Give!—I—But why do you strip yourself?

Stew. To cloathe the naked.

Sir R. You have wants, and are old.

Stew. Then I shall not want long.

Sir R. His uncle was my friend.

Stew. Ay; remember that.

Sir R. We had a sincere regard for each other.

Stew. A hundred pounds for his nephew is a trifle.

Sir R. To cut the youth off with a shilling was wrong.

Stew. Do right; give the money.

Sir R. Money—Money is a serious affair.

Stew. Will you lend it?

Sir R. I wish it was convenient; but it does not square with my concerns.

Stew. Square!

Sir R. I can't spare so great a sum—

Stew. Spare—and square! Ah!

Sir R. Or I would have stretched a point, for the sake of old friendship.

Stew. Friendship! (to himself) never had a friend; never will have one.

I

Sir R.

Sir R. I am as sorry as you can be.

Stew. (to himself) Damned lie.

Enter ROBERT.

Rob. (to the Steward) Here is a man asks for you, Sir.

Sir R. What man? Disguised; ill-looking? Search his pockets! Who does he come from?

Rob. Mr. Fairfax.

Sir R. Fairfax! (aside) Here's a plot! Spies are set upon me!

Rob. He says his name is Gregory.

Sir R. Gregory; Why did you not say so at first Moon-calf?—Come in!

Enter GREGORY, and Exit ROBERT.

Sir R. Now; what do you want?

Greg. Nay, for my part, Sir Ralph, I want nought on earth: but Mr. Fairfax wants——

Sir R. What? What?

Greg. (to the steward) A wants you, Sir.

Sir R. For what purpose?

Greg. Nay, marry, a did not tell me that.

Sir R. There is mischief hatching!——Remember, I have not said a word against—against any body.

Stew. (earnestly) Yes, you have.

Sir R. Have!

Stew. Many words; bad words.

Sir R. Lord deliver me! You cannot say so, truly?

Stew. Truly.

Sir. R.

Sir R. On your oath?

Stew. On my oath.

Sir R. My hair stands an end! Whom have I spoken ill of?

Stew. Of yourself. [*Exeunt Steward and Gregory.*]

Sir R. It's a snare! He was sent to pretend to rail, and borrow money, and inflame and in-trap me! I'm all in a tremor! My niece, her husband, Fairfax, my own servants, all the world are in a conspiracy against me! What a wretched thing is human existence! I never move but with swords at my back, and daggers at my throat! (*re-enter Gregory*) What brings you back? What's your business now?

Greg. Business? I never had no business for my part. I only forgot to tell you, that one Mr. Transit told me to say he would soon be wi' you.

Sir R. (*alarmed*) Who?

Greg. Mr. Transit.

Sir R. Oh the damned fellow! Why? For what?

Greg. I don't know: but it is likely to be sum-mut bad enough.

Sir R. I foresaw it.

Enter ROBERT.

Rob. Mr. Fairfax, Sir, wishes to speak to you.

Sir R. The devil! Another tormentor! (*to Gregory*) Away, through that door, down the back stairs; He'll think we are plotting!

Greg.

Greg. But what mun I say to ——?

Sir R. Zounds begone!

Greg. I's going! (*angry*) You're in a woundy hurry! You won't let a body explain one's errand.

[*Exit.*

Sir R. I'm in such a tremble, that I can't face this terrible lawyer: I must compose myself with a dose of my balsam. I'll wait on Mr. Fairfax in two minutes.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter CAROLINE and ELIZA.

Car. But why, Eliza, all these questions on a thing so trifling as this little pocket book?

Eliza. And why, Caroline, all these difficulties in answering?

Car. You have your reasons, it seems, and I have mine.

Eliza. You say it was given you by the man of your heart?

Car. I received it from his own hand.

Eliza (aside) The traitor!——An old acquaintance?

Car. I never saw him but twice: once at Venice, and once to-day.

Eliza. So, he has been at Venice?

Car. Yes.

Eliza (aside) Vile Renegado!

Car. You seem vexed, Eliza!

Eliza. I have no great reason to be pleased.

Enter FAIRFAX.

Car. He here!

Eliza. How unabashed he looks!

Car.

Car. Do you know him?

Eliza. It is your relation, the haughty Fairfax.

Car. The very man who, as I told you, pretending to pity, left me so abruptly.

Eliza. Oh that he would speak!

Car. Why?

Eliza. That I might answer.

Car. It was my very thought.

Fair. Pardon me, ladies; your fair eyes appear to question me?

Eliza. We were doubting, Sir, whether we ought to avoid or face that forgetful prosperity, which renounces and destroys the noblest feelings of the heart.

Fair. Madam!

Car. You lately drew from me a confession of poverty; for I did not then know your name was Fairfax.

Fair. Well, Madam?

Car. Mine is Melford. Strange things have been told you of me: that poverty might level me with the most miserable, and make me what I disdain to think myself.

Fair. Your father seemed to entertain such fears.

Eliza. Yes Sir. Impelled by them, he condescended to intreat your aid, confessed his errors, asked forgiveness, and implored your pity. All this he did more to save the child he loves, than dreading the misery which, though he feels it, he will have the fortitude to face. He gave you this godlike privilege! At which, ignorant of its dignity, you contemptuously spurned.

Fair. Your censure, Madam, is strong.

Eliza.

Eliza. It was but yesterday men thought you the centre of every virtue, the guide of youth, the friend of age, and the father of the unfortunate.

Fair. Praise, like blame, may be extravagant.

Car. They had not then heard of the misery brought on the destitute youth, whom you have supplanted. My father's poverty had not then met your scorn.

Eliza. He who, under the mask of benevolence, can act all the fine feelings of the most exalted virtue, only to practice on credulity and indulge avarice, pride, revenge, and every baser passion, is but the victim of his own vice; and, while he braves contempt, deserves compassion.

Fair. Are you acquainted, Madam, with what kind of welcome I was once received by the man you defend? Inflated then by that dastardly pride, which dreads any kindred with poverty, do you know how capable he himself became of all that was arrogant and cruel? Has he as faithfully pictured his own want of every humanizing sympathy as he has done mine?

Car. It may be not: but a first wrong will not justify a second.

Eliza. Neither were they equal wrongs. Youth is little susceptible of those keen recollections, and bitter mental pangs, which gnaw and feed on declining misery. The increasing aches of age, the tottering body, cumbrous decrepitude, and the gloom of never-returning strength, are of themselves sufficient evil. With manhood thus reduced, the heart that contains one spark of noble

noble feeling cannot quarrel. But when this dreary winter is made more barren by icy penury, and the approaching agonies of famine, he that could answer the prayer of wretchedness so complicated, not only with pitiless denial, but with reproach, insult, and contempt, such a man is—

Fair. (*suddenly*). A fiend! That was the word. And can no ungovernable infirmity of feeling plead in mitigation? Must he be pursued with hatred, loaded with maledictions, his crime proclaimed and blazoned, and he robbed at a breath of every worth and virtue? Must he be painted wholly monster?

Eliza. Sir!—

Fair. Madam, you have said enough! Were I stretched on the bier, being thus arraigned, I must rise in vindication. Since I am proclaimed revengeful, so shall they find and feel me. A knot of enemies, to whom I intended friendship, are conspiring to rob me of the dearest attribute of man. The fair fame, which only revolving years could accumulate, is at once to be blasted by the breath of boys and dotards. But I know their machinations, and suddenly, ere they can imagine the vengeance they cannot escape, will bring them to my feet. *e*

Car. Proud vindictive man! Were we not already as low as fortune's worst malice can sink us, there would be terror in these threats. But want is now our protector; misery our guardian; and when worse cannot befall, the worst may be braved.

[*Going.*

Eliza. Nay, Caroline, give not to pride that imaginary triumph. You still have friends; by whom

whom the sacred dignity of friendship will be respected, and the assaults of oppression defied.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Sir RALPH.

Sir R. I beg your pardon, Mr. Fairfax, for making you wait. How do you do? I hope you are in very good health?

Fair. What is the matter, Sir Ralph? You seem alarmed!

Sir R. The world is full of alarms. How came I indebted to you for the honor of this visit?

Fair. Your own family affairs.

Sir R. Sir, pardon me, but pray how came you to have any concern in my family affairs?

Fair. By no impertinent interference, Sir Ralph.

Sir R. Nay, Sir, I never ventured to hint such a thing.

Fair. The husband of your niece is in England.

Sir R. Hay! What then?

Fair. He has just claims, and has put the business into my hands.

Sir R. He claims? Curse his claims! I hear your'e his enemy, and had him arrested this very day.

Fair. Indeed?

Sir R. I suppose it is true?

Fair. True or false, Sir Ralph, that is nothing to the purpose.

Sir R. But why apply to me in behalf of a fellow you are prosecuting?

Fair,

Fair. Pardon me, Sir, but my reasons are my own.

Sir R. (aside) Some secret conspiracy!—I hope you come as a friend, and not as a lawyer?

Fair. I do, Sir Ralph: but, if the friend cannot prevail, the lawyer must act.

Sir R. (half aside) The devil take both friend and lawyer.

Fair. Sir?

Sir R. I, I,—nothing, Sir—A fellow like that send to defy and brow beat, and—

Fair. Brow beat!

Sir R. (starting) I beg ten thousand pardons! I forgot who I was talking to. Your character, Mr. Fairfax, is—is—

Fair. Not called in question I presume?

Sir R. By no means on earth! I would not do so dangerous a thing for the world.

Fair. I wish you seriously to consider how you have acted towards your niece.

Sir R. What should I consider? Have I not a right to act, being her uncle?

Fair. Ought you therefore to steal her from her husband, and falsely lead him to suppose her dead?

Sir R. Sir, he is a vagrant.

Fair. Sir, his father was your equal.

Sir R. Poh, poh, Mr. Fairfax, you know nothing of the matter.

Fair. When I tell you all I know, Sir Ralph, perhaps you will shake with fear.

Sir R. Bless me! I shake already! What is it?

Fair. In your youth, did not you reside, for several months, at and near Brussels?

K

Sir R.

Sir R. Brussels!——Sir, I——Brussels!

Fair. Did you never hear of a charming lady, of a decayed family, named Theresa Van Engel?

Sir R. Sir, I——I decline answering questions.

Fair. Was not this Theresa privately married to an English Baronet?

Sir R. How, how should I know?

Fair. Afraid of his family, did he not desert her, though pregnant, without ever enquiring what afterwards became of her? And what name would you, what name would the world, bestow on such an action?

Sir R. (*to himself*) Bless me! The sins of my youth are falling on my head.

Fair. Sir, the poor deserted creature died, and left a child.

Sir R. Did she? Did she?

Fair. The certificate of her marriage, and all her papers, are in my possession.

Sir R. A child?

Fair. Yes, Sir, who is now a man; and in whose cause I——

Trans. (*without*) Stand out of the way.

Enter TRANSIT abruptly.

Trans. So, gentlemen! You are both here. A pretty pair!

Sir R. Bless me! I knew there was a plot!

Trans. For you, Sir, I will not call you uncle. This pretended friend promised——

Fair. What, Sir?

Trans. Miracles! But——

Fair. Speak.

Trans.

Trans. My tongue refuses the base coarse epithets.

Fair. It has not always refused. Villain, I hear, was the word.

Trans. What I have said I will maintain.

Fair. 'Tis false; you cannot.

Trans. Follow me.

Fair. Frothy shallow boaster! Manhood disdains such empty contention! How have you dared to mention me in such vile terms?

Trans. What had I to fear?

Fair. Robbing me of the world's respect: the deepest injury man can do to man.

Trans. Why, aye, I had forgotten: this is the honest lawyer, famed for his rigid equity; the pacificator, whom the living praise, and the dying trust!

Fair. Stop, Sir.

Trans. The friend of age, the widow's support, the orphan's defender! Passion of my heart!—Your treachery to me is trifling; but the ruin in which you have involved my noble liberal-hearted friend—Oh, rank hypocrite!

Fair. Beware, Sir.

Trans. Deceiver of the dead, robber of the living!

Fair. Beware, I say.

Trans. Bring your writ for defamation; neither your arts, your power, nor your malice shall silence me. I'll proclaim you to the world! Cajole, entrap, and plunder an heir! I'll call the foul contrivance a villainy; and the contriver a knave, deep, and damnable!

Fair. I am not prompt at brawls; I never dealt in blows: but patience has its limits. Villain again! You shall repent this language.

Trans.

Trans. I defy you.

Fair. Before I sleep, you shall repent it.

Trans. Your threats are my scorn.

Fair. Till this day I had passed through life with the acknowledged claims of an honest man ; but now falsehood has sharpened the fangs of malignity, and the common lot is mine.

Trans. Honest ! Is not my friend disinherited ?
Honest ! Oh, aye, such a one I knew ; he was called the honest lawyer : administering widows, residuary legatees, and half witted misers of every kind, flock to him, and commit their concerns to his management. With the look of a lamb, he has the maw of a tiger ; and if houses, lands, or chattels come within his gripe, he springs from his den and seizes on his prey. Wherever there is contention and broil, there you find the pretended peace-maker ; and, if entails are to be docked, estates mortgaged, or families disinherited, who can juggle the balls so covertly from hand to hand as this honest, this friendly, this legerdemain lawyer ? [Exit.

Sir R. (to himself) This is a contrived quarrel ; a trap for me : all a juggle.

Fair. (walking about extremely moved) You have heard, Sir Ralph, the obloquy with which I have been loaded.

Sir R. Me ! Not a word. I have shut my ears. I have not interfered, I won't interfere ; I have said nothing, and will say nothing. [Exit.

Fair. 'Tis calumny too great for man to bear ; but it shall be answered. My pretended delinquencies shall be confronted ; and then——no by heaven it shall not be a petty vengeance ! [Exeunt,

END OF THE FOURTH ACT,

ACT V.

SCENE *the House in Grosvenor Square.*

FAIRFAX and JONES *entering.*

Fair. The confidential clerk of Quillet!

Jones. Who has lived with him twenty years.

Fair. Enquiring for me?

Jones. Yes, Sir.

Fair. And discharged by his master?

Jones. For having made large demands, and increased them. They have quarrelled, and the clerk is greatly enraged. He offers evidence of the frauds committed by Quillet.

Fair. On the late Mr. Travis.

Jones. Yes; of which he says he can furnish full proofs.

Fair. Why did he come to me?

Jones. Because he knows you are related to Mr. Melford.

Fair. Did he leave his address?

Jones. No; he is to call again presently, and bring with him the deeds forged by Quillet, and witnessed by himself, with the real deeds, of which he has got possession.

Enter

Enter GREGORY.

Greg. Here's a gentleman in a fright, that says his name is Quillet.

Fair. Show him here, (*to Jones*) I must consider a moment. [*Exit.*]

Enter QUILLET, hastily, and in trepidation.

Quil. Mr. Jones! How do you do, Mr. Jones? (*takes his hand*) How do you do? Can I speak with Mr. Fairfax?

Jones. In a minute, Sir.

Quil. Is he in a good humor?

Jones. As usual, Sir.

Quil. Speak a good word for me, will you? Pray do. Be my friend. (*offers a purse.*)

Jones. (*refusing the money*) Excuse me, Sir.

Quil. (*surprised*) There are twenty guineas.

Jones. You are very liberal, Sir; but I must be bribed higher.

Quil. Indeed! Well, well—you shall—you shall.

Re-enter FAIRFAX, and Exit JONES.

Quil. Oh, Mr. Fairfax, I am happy to find you.

Fair. What is the matter?

Quil. I am robbed! I am ruined! My character, my property, my life in danger! Have you seen him?

Fair. Who?

Quil. The viper, the villain, my clerk? He threatened he would apply to you; do not believe a word he says. 'Tis all a lie.

Fair.

Fair. He has lived with you many years.

Quil. The scorpion! I trusted him in my nearest concerns, opened my very soul to him, and thought I had made him my friend. The serpent! Bite the hand that fed him!

Fair. But what harm can he do you?

Quil. Harm! He can.—I don't know what he cannot do!

Fair. Then you are in his power?

Quil. Yes! No! I—I have lost my senses! Cir—circumstances may expose a man against his will. Has he been here?

Fair. He has; and talked of you in very opprobrious terms.

Quil. I knew it.

Fair. Especially concerning the late Mr. Travis.

Quil. I was sure he would. But, I hope, you don't believe him?

Fair. (*drily*) Why should I not?

Quil. Because I—I have good reasons to offer. Solid reasons! Weighty reasons! You being a gentleman that—that can understand reason.

Fair. Practice, Sir, must have long since taught you how many causes are lost, for want of plain speaking.

Quil. But I will speak plain. I—I will speak to the purpose.

Fair. The simple fact is, you wish to purchase my connivance?

Quil. At any sum!

Fair. (*drily*) Now you say something.

Quil. (*aside*) Damn him! He'll grind me to the bone! Dear Mr. Fairfax, I am transported to think

think you my friend! You're a great man: cautious, deep! Ay, ay, compared to you, the best of us are all blockheads.

Fair. You have given me the outline of your secret; I will return your partial confidence.

Quil. (*overjoyed*) Will you?

Fair. Melford and his daughter have declared themselves my enemies.

Quil. I know it! That encouraged me to unbosom myself so freely. I knew what I was about.

Fair. Young Headlong and Transit have been equally rash. I know you will be pleased when I tell you, I have made a solemn promise to have my revenge on them all.

Quil. I knew you would! I knew you would! Oh—I have a head! I know what I do!

Fair. In half an hour, they shall all be met.

Quil. Ay! For what purpose?

Fair. You will know. You must be ready, if called, to appear.

Quil. (*alarmed*) I!

Enter JONES, who whispers FAIRFAX, and retires.

Fair. (*to Jones*) Be careful.

Quil. (*aside*) I'll get away—My treacherous clerk will no doubt return: we ought to have him, and the papers and deeds he has stolen, secured.

Fair. It is this minute done.

Quil. Is it?

Fair. He and they are safe in this house.

Quil.

Quil. Humph!—You have a long head, Mr. Fairfax. You make things so very secure. Well, I will take my leave.

Fair. Pardon me; that must not be.

Quil. Must not!—Surely—why must not?

Fair. For the reason you have given.

Quil. I! What? I am secure enough.

Fair. You are so.

Quil. Nay but how?—No double meaning, I hope?

Fair. Double meaning! I have told you, in direct terms, you must be ready to appear.

Quil. Perhaps I—I could offer arguments—

Fair. Excuse me; the business presses (*calls*) Mr. Jones.

JONES entering.

Jones. Sir!

Fair. Pray show Mr. Quillet a room. Not that in which his clerk is locked.

Quil. (*cajoling*) That is kind! That is considerate! Thank you, Mr. Fairfax! I see you are my (*going to take his hand, which Fairfax withdraws*) my friend. If you would consent—

Fair. (*to Jones*) Be strictly attentive to every direction I have given. 'Tis perhaps the most awful occasion of my life.

Quil. Mr. Fairfax!—Sir!—Mr. Jones!—I intreat!—

[*Exeunt.*]

L

SCENE.

SCENE *the Hall of the Hotel.* TRANSIT and CAROLINE *in front*; HEADLONG and ELIZA *in the back ground, on opposite sides, watching.*

Trans. I am amazed! Are you the Caroline, whose name he so often repeats?

Car. You say this to flatter my hopes.

Trans. On my honor, he dearly loves you. His generous disinterested heart would scorn the loss of fortune, but for your sake—

Car. I know it is princely.

Eliza. How she smiles upon him!

Trans. He thinks you a native of Italy.

Car. We first met in masquerade, during the Carnival.

Trans. He does not know his Caroline is the daughter of Melford.

Car. Though, in the nobleness of his nature, he has twice pitied and relieved my father.

Eliza. I wish I could hear!

Car. Destitute as he is himself—

Eliza (*seeing the pocket-book*) So, so! I thought it!

Car. To day, he left this pocket-book—

Trans. (*eagerly*) And five hundred pounds.

Car. (*amazed*) How know you that?

Trans. It was a present to me (*examining it.*)

Car. To you?

Trans. Yes; from—from an apparition!

Car.

Car. (recollecting) A lady in a mask?
(*Here Headlong appears and is struck with jealousy.*)

Trans. (taking her hand in raptures) Was it you, Madam?

Eliza. The traitor!

Car. (after consideration) No, Sir; it was your wife.

Trans. What, my dear Eliza?

Car. Yes.

Eliza (having advanced) The crocodile!

Trans. Impossible. Alas, my Eliza is dead!

Eliza. The false worthless man! (*retires in anger.*)

Car. I solemnly assure you, she lives.

Trans. Her own uncle gave me information of her death.

Car. He purposely deceived you. I saw her in the house of Sir Ralph, not an hour ago.

Trans. Lives?

Car. Most assuredly, lives.

Trans. My Eliza living? Dear, dear, madam! (*seizes Caroline's hand, kisses it, and falls at her feet, in a delirium of joy*) You are my saviour, my guardian angel! My—(*Eliza and Headlong rush forward.*)

Eliza. I can bear no more!

Head. What right, Sir, have you to this lady?

Eliza. What claim, madam, have you to this gentleman?

Head. Do you know that I love her to distraction?

Eliza. Do you know that I hate him to madness?

Head.

Head. That I intend to make her my wife?

Eliza. That I have already made him my husband?

Head. Your effrontery is incredible!

Eliza. Your perfidy hateful.

Head. It must be chastised.

Eliza. I'll have my revenge.

Trans. Zounds, Sir, Madam, hear!

Eliza. I am deaf!

Head. Defend yourself!

Eliza. I am determined!

Head. Draw I say!

Eliza. (*seizing on Headlong and dropping her mask*) Oh! barbarian, would you murder my husband?

Trans. (*half frantic*) My Eliza!

Eliza. Stand off, monster! I won't touch you!

Trans. I am bewildered!

Eliza. Keep away!

Trans. It is, it is Eliza!

Eliza. Yes, wretch; the most miserable of women!

Trans. My angel! My life! Why miserable?

Eliza (*struggling with opposite passions*) Because—I can't forbear—falling—falling—

Trans. Into my arms! (*receiving her.*)

Head. Was not you making love to this lady?

Trans. Yes, in your behalf.

Eliza. Did not you tell her I was dead?

Trans. By heavens, so I thought you!

Head. I can bear witness, Madam, that is true.

Car. And I.

Head. We have both been mistaken. Joy!
Raptures! Extacy!

Enter

Enter MELFORD, astonished at their transports.

Mel. What is this? Caroline;

Head. Oh, Sir, such discoveries!

Trans. Such happiness!

Mel (bitterly) Happiness—Oh!—Has our persecutor appeared?

Trans. No.

Mel. He has peremptorily appointed me a meeting.

Trans. And me!

Mel. What can be his purpose!

Eliza. I hope he will come.

Enter SIR RALPH.

Sir R. (starting at seeing Transit and Eliza.)
Heyday!—Why—what—(going.)

Eliza. (catching his arm) Stay, stay, uncle.

Sir R. I can't. Mr. Fairfax insisted I should meet him here. I am glad he has broken his appointment—O Lord! Here he is!

Enter FAIRFAX and STEWARD.

Fair. A fair and formidable Band!

Mel. Why, Sir, have we been haughtily summoned to this meeting?

Fair. Unable to live under the accusations with which I am loaded, I come to answer, and to demand retribution.

Trans.

Trans. You are very brave.

Fair. I do not tremble yet.

Trans. There is a success in vice, which makes it rash.

Fair. If you are the person to arraign me, waste not your time in general calumnies ; but speak to facts.

Trans. Are they wanting? Intrepid though you are, do not imagine the tricks of the law, or of the lawyer, can evade them.

Fair. Still the law and the lawyer? Poor and threadbare sarcasm ! Laws are imperfect, lawyers but men ; subject to catch the passions, nay, the vices, with which it is their miserable lot to be in daily contact. Their temptations are innumerable, their failings not a few.

Stew. Not a few !

Fair. But what are the clients that tempt them ? Many are honest : but many are tyrants, that would crush the helpless ; wretches, devoured by avarice ; fools, blinded by anger ; knaves, the dupes of their own cunning ; villains, that trample down the boundaries of every social compact and triumph most when most they are destructive. They come hot in project, bent on revenge, eager after mischief, and the lawyer's ear is assailed, bewildered, tormented by their passions, follies, fears, falshoods, and depravities. That which Omnipotence attempts not they require of him ; to change the nature of eternal right, and make the worse the better cause, or he and his profession must suffer all the obloquy which baffled rage and malice can impute.

Stew. How a lawyer can talk !

Trans.

Trans. Mere subterfuge ! Did not you profess a desire to serve me ?

Fair. I did.

Trans. A friendship for me ?

Fair. Granted.

Trans. A wish to reconcile me to Sir Ralph ?

Fair. 'Tis true.

Trans. Was not the offer of your purse voluntary ?

Fair. It was.

Trans. And have not I been arrested at your instigation ?

Fair. You have.

Mel. What was your reception of me this morning ?

Fair. Resentful, and wrong.

Mel. Refined in your cruelty, did you not instruct your agent to inform me that you are leaguering with the villain Quillet ?

Fair. Call it leaguering, if you please.

Mel. Call it ! You boast, it is for the purpose of revenge.

Fair. Ay ; for that very purpose.

(the company shocked.)

Trans. 'Tis past believing !

Fair. These are petty clamours : *(to Headlong)* my great crime, I am told, I have to answer here. Why, Sir, are you silent ?

Head. I cannot tell. I adored you once : and now I—I am confused, tamed. You have made me a worm ; you tread upon me, yet forbid me to writhe.

Fair. I !—Nothing shall divert me from the plain tale I have to tell. Finding your uncle
unshaken

Fair. As it is to accuse. And how have I been accused? Patience of heaven descend, and keep my senses sober. (*to Eliza.*) "I scoff at poverty, act virtue, indulge in pride, avarice, revenge, and every base passion." (*to Trans.*) "I am—" Oh let not the racked brain affix their proper meaning to such words! "I am a villain, a rank hypocrite, a deceiver of the dead, a robber of the living, a knave, deep and damnable!"—Oh!

Head. Blame not others; if you are wronged, I am the culprit: they have but pitied what they could not redress.

Fair. I will be marble!—When yet a boy, I loved you, no words can say how much! I saw the fire of heaven sparkle in your eye; wild and illusory, but benignant, quick, creative and dangerous only from excess. I was your defender, for which I suffered reproach: still I insisted, "let him put pass the shallows of eager and presumptuous youth, and the world shall behold a man." This I said, and this I believed. I believe it still; you shall know how truly. I have been accused of bartering my honor, and pawning my soul to Satan, for the possession of sand and clay; which, as I am temperate, would be useless; as I am rich, would be burthensome; and, as I am honest, would be damning! I rob an heir? (*calls*) Jones! A youth whom my heart cherished?—There, Sir, are your title deeds. (*taking them from Jones, and giving them to Headlong.*)

Head. Sir.

Fair. (*to Melford.*) There, Sir, are yours!

Mel. Mine?

Fair. As the heir of Travis.

Car. Amazement!

Fair.

Fair. I am not yet fully revenged. Mr. Transit ; Sir Ralph.

Sir R. How now ? End with a plot upon me !

Fair. (*aside to Sir R.*) Hush ! Be discreet !— I promised to restore you a long lost father.

Trans. Can this be !

Fair. Restitution, justice, honor, and dear affection, are my avenging deities ! These are my daggers ; and, as they strike, all my anger vanishes. (*going to fling himself into the arms of Headlong, who drops on one knee, hides his face, and exclaims*)

Head. Oh, Sir !

Eliza. Am I awake ?

Car. What have I said ! What have I done !

Trans. You have struck home !

Head. (*rising.*) You have made me hate myself !

Stew. He'll make me hang myself !

Car. The fifty pounds sent to my father ?—

Fair. " Perish in the streets ? " No, no !

Mel. Restored to freedom and fortune ?

Fair. To you, affluence, the friends of former days, and the world's homage : to your daughter, the husband of her heart ! (*joining their hands.*)

Stew. (*weeping.*) I am a miserable sinner !

Fair. The wealth of Travis is all your own. Quillet is secured : to the laws he has abused and insulted he must answer.

Stew. (*advancing.*) Mr. Fairfax—my throat—I can't speak ; be merciful and cut it.

Fair. Noble soul ! My worthy friend !

Stew. Stamp, trample on me !

Fair. Respect you, honor you !

Head.

Head. (with enthusiasm.) Love you !

Stew. (self-indignant.) My tongue says little, but its words are wicked.

Fair. To mistake is the lot of man : since then errors are not to be avoided, may they be pardoned, and forgotten.

EXEUNT OMNES.

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. Jordan.

A QUAKER once, the story's old ;
By our good friend Joe Miller told :
What happen'd once, may happen again—
A Quaker once, no matter when,
One of the canine race had got
Which he or liked or wanted not.
Whether sagacious Broad-brim thought
The dog was better fed than taught ?
Whether he stole the meat and cheese ?
Whether he did not bark to please ?
Or did not fawn, or did not fright
Beggars by day, and thieves by night ?
Or, vagrant, destitute and poor,
He saw by chance an open door ;
And, uninvited, forward press'd
(Who does not hate intrusive guest !)
Upon the Quaker's quiet meal,
With rash attempt a bone to steal ?
Or if at passengers he flew ?
Or what he did or did not do ?
How he came there ? And what his crime ?
Are things to tell some other time :

Except

EPILOGUE.

Except that here, we must remark,
The story leaves us in the dark !
Therefore this dog might be as good
As any of the canine brood
For any thing that we can say :
And dogs themselves should have fair play.

The time was noon, the place the city—
Moved by the spirit, not of pity,
The Quaker spoke the quadrupede :
“ Go friend ; and use thy utmost speed !
Thee I'll not kill ; thee I'll not maim ;
But I will give thee an ill-name.”

Then out of doors he made him fly ;
And gave the treacherous hue and cry—
“ Bad dog ! Bad dog ! ” The frightened croud
“ Mad dog ! Mad dog ! ” replied aloud,
Poor hound ! Is there no chance to save
Thy bones from brickbat, stone, or stave ?
Thou wert not mad ; compell'd thy flight :
The venom was in Slander's bite.

The fate of Fairfax here has shown
The best may make his case their own.
At vice indignant, in their ire,
Bosoms of purest mold may make
The rash and dangerous mistake
Of never stopping to enquire.
If such a lesson can delight,
We all shall bless this happy night.

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